

## ARTHUR'S

## Home Magazine.

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## AUNT MIRIAM'S TWO VISITS.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

## CHAPTER I.

"How long before they will be at home? I am Mr. Lee's aunt, and—"

"Please to walk in," interrupted the servant. "Up stairs, ma'am, if you please. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will be at home some time to-night, though I did not hear Mrs. Lee say what o'clock, ma'am;" and Aunt Miriam was shown into Mrs. Lee's boudoir, and an easy chair was officiously wheeled for her before the grate, which the bustling servant hastened to replenish.

Aunt Miriam proceeded to unfasten her wrappings with some little show of awkwardness and haste. The bright gas-light falling on rich furniture and upon surroundings, all new to her retired habits, and even, it may be confessed, the glib manner and smart dress of Janet, tended rather than otherwise to discompose the good lady. It seemed longer than the day before yesterday since she left Daisybank Farm, nestled so quietly among the New Eng-

land hills. Left alone to the cheering influences of light and warmth, Aunt Miriam soliloquized on the contingencies that might have prevented Harry Lee meeting her at the depot. That he would be delighted to see her, she had not a doubt. Had he not written with all his old-time fervor asking for a visit? His young wife, too, had written a very pleasant and affectionate letter, mentioning that her father and mother, having seen Harry and herself inaugurated respectively at the head of household and counting-room, had sportively insisted they should nevertheless fail to rid themselves of responsi-

bilities while they remained at home to be referred to, and in accordance, had availed themselves of their liberty, to make a long-talked-of sojourn with friends in the the West. Alluding to loneliness during Harry's office-hours, a decided wish had been expressed for a visit from Aunt Miriam; whom, though she had never seen, she yet felt she knew, through Harry's frequent references. Aunt Miriam was sure of her welcome.

"And yet," Aunt Miriam reflected, and a fixed, far-away look came into her eyes, it was an easy thing for people in polite society to say pleasant things, from mere force of habit, without attaching importance, or even meaning to them. The invitation might have been sent simply as a form, to please Harry. And the receipt of her acceptance, and announcement of the time of her proposed arrival, might have made too little impression for mention or recollection. Harry Lee, had he known of her coming, would not have failed to meet her! And congratulating herself that she was in Harry's house, at all events; and, too, that in her letter she had forborne to designate the length of her stay, Aunt Miriam proceeded to look around her.

As we have said, the new servant had shown her into Mrs. Lee's boudoir, having been told by the absent Dennis, whose duties she was temporarily assuming, that if Mrs. Lee's aunt rang, she might tell her that lady was up stairs. Aunt Huntley, living within the block, was a frequent visitor. Through the arched doorway which communicated with another of the suite of private apartments, and from whence, the

graceful confusion attendant upon preparation for a *fête* had strayed into this, Aunt Miriam's quick eye took inventory of several rich and costly dresses that had been looked at and discarded as Nina Lee had dressed for the entertainment whither she had that night gone with her husband. Rich laces, soft velvets and satins, and numerous elegant trifles of dress lay around, and a shadow came across Aunt Miriam's brow.

"I'm afraid Johanna Harris was right when she said Nina Jermain was never the one meant to be Harry Lee's wife. 'Extravagant and proud,' Johanna said; and appearances indicate it," and Aunt Miriam sighed. "I would not accept Johanna's judgment in everything, it is true," she resumed, mentally, "but appearances confirm her words. Harry was brought up in a sensible way. He was always ready to greet every man as brother; he always gave all follies 'a wide berth.' Harry Lee ought to have known better than this." And Aunt Miriam looked at an exquisite robe of gauzy texture, as though it was, in its airy personality, some crime that Harry was discovered to be guilty of.

"This doubtless is an indication in reference to the employment of her time," and the severe expression came into Aunt Miriam's eyes again, as she took from the table a late number of one of the Ladies' Magazines, and opened at the tinted fashion plate. "A misguided young creature, I'm afraid. She probably has some beauty, which made it all the worse for poor Harry!" and Aunt Miriam impatiently moved her chair forward, as Johanna Harris' words again crossed her mind, and with "extravagance and pride," selfishness, fastidiousness and frivolity beneath her haughtiness were mentally associated in train.

Occupied in her reflections though she was, tired nature yet had claims, and Aunt Miriam thought of the remnant of a railroad lunch that remained in her travelling-bag left below in the hall. She did not feel like summoning the smart young woman by the bell, to make her the all-potent cup of tea, even though it was Harry's house; and after once mistaking the way, was *en route* to the hall; but meanwhile an explanation conducive to Aunt Miriam's comfort was being made below, in the kitchen.

"An' who hev' ye put in Miss Niny's room?" and Nora, cook, who could as yet remember the youthful lady of the house only as "Miss Niny," quitted forming a fish-ball to make gy-

rations in the air with the ladle. "Not an' sune of 'em here these ten years but Mrs. Huntley, livin' next door, an' her gone in the carriage wid them, as me own eyes saw, over wid Jane!"

"This one had a trunk," sententially observed Janet.

"An' ye're a brilliant, that ye are!" and the volubly begun "how was I to know?" was interrupted to make prospective provision for proprieties.

"Go an' ask the lady will she hev' tea in the dining-room if she be wantin' any, or will she hev' it sent up? She may as well stay where she is, if she hev' a mind to, now you hev' put her there. A fine thing to hev' a relation o' the family in the house the better part uv an hour, an' not a haper to be offered thim, an' Nora, cook, at home in the absence o' the family!"

So Aunt Miriam was intercepted on the way to the hall, and as the neat tray of tea, cold fowl, biscuit and jam was brought in, she thought Harry's wife had well trained "help," at all events.

Refreshed by her repast, Aunt Miriam reached for the magazine, and spread out the fashion plate without any apparent compunctions for her precious time.

"I wonder if my black silk can be altered so as to look well again?" and speculating on the advantage of trimming for the skirt to lengthen, and sundry other items connected with the proposed renovation, the good lady fell asleep in the luxurious chair; and when the silvery-voiced clock had once and again told the advanced hour, opened her eyes to see another pair bent inquiringly upon her. A vision of loveliness, in soft, shining raiment and folds of fleecy gauziness stood there on the hearth, one finger on her lip in token of silence, her head bent forward inquiringly, and one hand beckoning as to some one entering.

"Why, auntie!" exclaimed a manly, hearty voice at the same moment, and Harry Lee, advancing, gave Aunt Miriam, in warmth and earnestness, quite a school-boy embrace. "Why, auntie, dear, did you come and find us all gone?" and stepping back, encircling Nina with an arm. "Nina, love, this is Aunt Miriam."

Aunt Miriam, answering questions, making explanations, and conjecturing her unrecalled letter to have remained over a mail in Benjamin's overcoat pocket, as was afterwards proved, could but silently, in her heart, feel a reaching forth to Harry's wife, not only for Harry's sake, but for her own.

"A pretty face," according to Johanna's description, Aunt Miriam, as we have seen, was prepared to see; but notwithstanding prejudice, she was not proof against the spiritual loveliness beaming from the clear eyes that had been raised so welcomingly to her own.

Perhaps you have seen Steinbruck's picture of "The Fairies and Peasant Child." I could never look upon Nina Lee's sweet, pure face, without a remembrance of those wondrous fairy faces. Not infantile, scarcely what you would term childlike, it was yet of that exquisite loveliness which the artist of the Magi conceived as the type of the fairy-like. I always felt something like a reflex of that picture's marvellous spell of beauty when in Nina Lee's presence.

Aunt Miriam would have been shocked to have been told that she was jealous of Harry's wife; and that with Johanna Harris' words for a basis, she was seeking for flaws rather than beauties of character. A faithless lover in early life—one of winning address, at home in the world's ways, and a possessor of wealth, had poisoned Aunt Miriam's mind against the class to which he belonged.

She had afterwards married a plain, sensible man of small means, which gradually accumulated to large, and her life had at least flowed peacefully on in his home. He had died years since, and the dearest living being to her was Harry.

Early prejudice remained; and I have often listened and assented to many wise things I have heard Aunt Miriam say of the world's and society's ways. If in actual communication with the world I have sometimes thought she betrayed undue reverence or sensitiveness as to its opinions or observances, I have reflected that unto human nature do inconsistencies, in some degree not unfrequently pertain.

#### CHAPTER II.

The sound of the musical tinkle of water came from the conservatory, and made a running accompaniment to the sweet, clear tones of Nina's voice. She had lightly and brightly been sending retrospective glances along the line of years since she first knew Harry Lee, reviving reminiscences amusing or interesting to Aunt Miriam.

"You spoke of Johanna Harris this morning," said Nina, breaking a pause. "Is poor Johanna any way improved?"

"Improved? In what way?" questioned Aunt Miriam, in a non-committal manner.

"Johanna may have changed very much

these last years," spoke Nina, thinking she had perhaps reflected upon a favorite, but with habitual truthfulness proceeding—"When she was at school, she was weak and trifling, profiting little by the fine advantages her uncle gave her. Johanna's love for 'scraps,' as she designated them, together with her passion for display and adornment, which everywhere rendered her conspicuous, made her so well known here, that I can only think of her as I knew her; I am glad for her uncle's sake, dear Judge Inker-man, whom papa thought so much of, to infer that she is changed."

"Johanna has always been indulged," began Aunt Miriam. "She is very fond of dress, it is true, but perhaps she is no more censurable for gratifying herself in that direction than those whose expenditures, if more lavish, are in better taste. Luxury and love of fine things, fine houses, and fine dress, are the fault of this age and of our people. My dear," continued Aunt Miriam, with a quick manner of application peculiar to herself, "are not you one of those who love fine things, who would tread down the poor to build up your pride, who would fain live in kings' houses and wear soft raiment?"

A little flush, and a surprised, birdlike motion of the head—notwithstanding she had been told Aunt Miriam had some eccentricities—betrayed Nina's consciousness.

"I do not know as I can think quickly enough to answer all your questions at once, by either affirmation or negation, Aunt Miriam," began Nina. "I certainly do like beautiful things, however, and should be sorry to do without them. I feel better, more at ease, in suitable and becoming clothing, than I would in that which is not so. I think every one does, Aunt Miriam."

"But is there not an incongruity in clothing these frail, perishable bodies with such costly fabrics?" and Aunt Miriam touched the shining silk that fell in soft folds to Nina's feet.

The crimson tinge deepened on the delicate cheek. Aunt Miriam conjectured whether she had gone too far.

"I presume you have never thought of these things," she said, extenuatingly.

Whether or not Nina had given them much thought before, her mind certainly seemed busy now, as she lifted her clear eyes to Aunt Miriam's face.

"I do not think I ever saw anything too good to wear—if only suitable to the occasion, Aunt Miriam," she said, after a moment's pause. "Fabrics the most rare and costly are

honored in ministering to the use of these wondrously framed temples our spirits dwell in. The most fitting and beautiful clothing is but a faint and tawdry showing forth of what the raiment of the spiritual body shall be, by and by, in grace and beauty. I never saw anything that seemed to me too good to wear," said Nina, returning to her first assertion.

"But," returned her questioner, leaving that particular branch of the argument, "while the world is so full of sorrow and poverty, while want pleads for help, is it right to indulge ourselves in such luxuries?"

The thoughtful look lingered on the sweet face, and in the momentary pause the graceful head turned with its characteristic, birdlike motion. Nina was evidently taking a birds-eye view of things in their grouping new to her.

"I can see how it might be wrong, Aunt Miriam. It would be wrong, indeed, to indulge one's self beyond one's means; to let debts accumulate or remain unpaid, while a luxurious or simply elegant taste received gratification; to let servants wait for their wages; to under-pay a workwoman; or to neglect means of health or mental improvement in order to gratify self in this direction! I should never feel at ease in things that could not justly be afforded me." And, as Aunt Miriam seemed waiting for her to express herself farther, she continued—"As to the poor—beyond some individual cases we may know, and contributions to well-proved institutions for their relief—do we not truly help them most by patronizing industry? Many a one would not need to apply for help to such institutions if helped in their struggle to help themselves. If we can, without infringing on other claims, purchase a new article, thus freeing an idle sum from bondage, and sending it to reward, through the merchant and manufacturer, the toil of the operatives, giving the half-worn article it is to replace to one who needs it, is it not better economy in God's view, than laborious repairs and hoarded savings? We all, in our proper spheres and individual tastes, minister one to another in the beautiful economy of uses. I like one of papa's mottoes, 'Live and let live.'"

Aunt Miriam slowly threaded a fine cambric needle.

"I remember," continued Nina, "two orphan sisters that came here to open a millinery establishment; I know mamma risked and sometimes suffered the spoiling of material, and often bought things she otherwise would not have had, in order to encourage their efforts. They

were so patient and hopeful, and energetic withal, in their struggle with difficulties. I have many a time bought some pretty trifle, as much to hear their pleasant 'thank you,' as to gratify myself. They have now one of the most prosperous establishments in the city. By generous expenditure we help those who manifest a disposition to help themselves."

"But, my dear," once more advanced Aunt Miriam, what is the effect upon ourselves? Do not such things minister to pride and self-glorification? Do you not derive pleasure from them, thinking they give you a certain precedence in the eyes of others?"

"Why, indeed, no, auntie—how could I?" And there would have been something of comicality in the incredulity of the questioning tone, had it not been for the childlike dignity of the uplifted face, with its sweet, pure expression. I think beauty and fitness are dear to us for their own sake. I should enjoy diamonds quite as well if no one but myself ever saw them. They would yet speak their own language to me quite the same. I do think, however, that one may, and should, dress with some reference to the 'eyes of others.' Yesterday, when I went to sit for an hour with Mrs. Randall's sick little Jamie, I wore my blue cashmere, because I know the little fellow is very fond of blue, and even trifles minister pleasure to a child, and, in fact, to us all, at times. The most minute of trifles, if they are capable of giving pleasure, I think are not to be disregarded.

#### CHAPTER III.

Aunt Miriam regarded herself in the glass, as she smoothed back with light touch of the brush a fold of shining hair. Nina had said one day in reference to the black silk before mentioned:

"I usually put my dresses out, but I know a young workwoman who, I think, would be glad to come here and do it over for you;" for Aunt Miriam, from force of habit, felt it a duty to repair, notwithstanding Nina's argument, given in the preceding chapter.

A skilful hand, directed by Nina's taste, gave a quiet air of elegance to the renovated garment, which Aunt Miriam's usual mantua-maker would have considered mysterious.

"Pray, Aunt Miriam, let me arrange your hair," said Nina. It is a pity to hide its abundance beneath a cap; and with light touch the glossy folds that seemed scarcely to lose beauty from the sprinkling of silver threads, were most becomingly, though without affectation of extreme youthfulness, adjusted.



"Why, auntie dear, how young you look!" cried Harry, delightedly; and a bright, warm color springing into Aunt Miriam's cheek at his words, won a prolonged, pleased glance. "I declare, you make me feel as if I were a boy again, spending my vacation at Daisybank once more."

And Aunt Miriam "humored Nina," as she expressed it, in "her whims," because it "pleased Harry." And now, regarding herself in the glass, a sudden moisture came to her eyes as one of the memories long since dead, as she supposed, came all unbidden and confronted her—a memory of something Charles Rathburn, the lover that proved so false, had said in the youthful long ago, the summer-time of her life, something about her eyes, and—but it is too sacred to be written down here.

And Aunt Miriam drooped her head in her hand, and drove back tears, and said mentally: "Miriam Hart, are you a fool? This kind of life is not good for you! Fie! you'll soon be an old woman now."

"And," added consciousness, "a lonely one; with none near of kith or kin, save Harry."

And that day the conclusion of Aunt Miriam's visit was announced, with her characteristic decision.

The earnest requests that she would prolong her stay were regretfully but firmly put away; and Aunt Miriam, on the day of her departure rose with a new, strange, unquiet feeling at her heart, and breaking through the warm adieux and parting words as through a charmed circle, wishing, yet fearing to take with her the incense and the fragrance, went back to the old square house on the farm; put aside, as a matter of principle, the tasteful little headdress, veiling, rather than concealing the fine hair Nina had so lovingly arranged, and took up her limited, angular life again.

"Miss Hart always was a worker," said the neighbors; "but since her city trip, she did seem uncommon smart!"

To one or two of her friends, true to her acquired habit of thought, she said—"Harry's wife is all, and more, than could be expected, educated as she has been. If all is clear sailing with Harry, they promise to be as happy as two young creatures can be; but if trouble comes, she is not the kind of woman to help a man bear it. She might be willing enough, perhaps, but for real life she is, as Squire Mayburn would say, 'too fine goods' altogether. However," and she turned her head to conceal the mistiness in her eyes—"I hope life's winds will blow gently for them!" which was the

greatest ebullition of poetic sentiment that had passed Aunt Miriam's lips—whatever may have been in her heart—in many a long day.

## CHAPTER IV.

Two years have passed. Aunt Miriam folds a letter just perused.

"So Harry has gone West to live! 'Opening business prospects,' he says, being the inducement. Harry cannot be contented with 'letting well enough alone,' but must go still further away! Well, well, what matters it? It won't be long before we all reach the same terminus, whatever different roads we take. I might have gone to the city once in awhile; I might have had the children here; but it is not likely I shall ever leave to take the journey to them now, they have got so far away!" and Aunt Miriam began to devise some new household enterprise to keep thought and hands busy, in the midst of which she once stopped and said, in a husky whisper—"Heavenly Father, I'm so lonely!"

Occasional letters came; reports of the health of the family, and the sayings and doings of the children, as the years passed on.

"I will 'drop in' to Squire Easton's, when it gets cooler in the day," said Aunt Miriam. "Mrs. Easton's brother has come right from where Harry lives—has been in business there."

And sitting just within the open door, where Mrs. Easton was looking over berries for jam, Aunt Miriam caught the greater part of the conversation between the brothers-in-law, as they sat in the porch.

"Speaking of failures," said the new-comer, "that was a great smash-up of Lee and Munson's! Five or six years ago, I think it was—don't remember exactly; you were in the city with Wright at the time. Munson was a great scoundrel! Cheated Lee out of everything—even out of the means left in the business for Lee's use when old Jermain retired. Lee came West—the best fellow in the world—but can't stand up yet. Things go with such a rush—all luck and chance; and he made bad investments. Do you know where Hasselton is now?"

And Aunt Miriam heard it all. Learned fuller particulars, perhaps, than she would have done had not the statement anticipated her proposed inquiries.

"I never expected to take the journey, but there's nothing like one's own eyes for investigating matters, and I believe I've been blind-

folded long enough. I might have known Harry would not have broken up such an old established house for a mere whim. I shall go this fall! Poor Harry! with that gentle little humming-bird wife of his, and her habit of life—little of a home can he have when his days' battles are over!"

A few of the leaves had donned their bright autumn hue, when Aunt Miriam's preparations for her second visit to Harry were completed. She did not this time announce her coming, but journeyed slowly, sometimes stopping on the way.

She was incredulous when, at her journey's end, the hack-driver set her down at the gate of a small, plain house, that so far from elegance or luxury, seemed to Aunt Miriam's New England eyes scarcely to indicate comfort.

Neither Dennis nor Janet gave her entrance, but Harry himself came to the door, and she received his warm greeting in the room that served both as entrance and parlor. There were guests present. A courteous, easy party were assembled to dine. If means were small, the sweet socialities of life had not been allowed to fall into disuse. The little daughters of the house, with pleasant words and smiles, anticipating their mother's lightest wish, expressed by word or look, waited upon the guests, all being neighbors and friends, as though it were love's own work, while Nora, cook, who "would never leave Miss Niny," their sole servant now, a tried, true friend, made ready the courses in their order for the table.

In unpacking her trunk, Aunt Miriam took out, among other gifts, a bright dress of fine wool for her little namesake. It greatly pleased the child's fancy. When she came white-robed at night, and had said her simple prayer at Nina's knee, she raised her eyes to her mother's face—"May I thank God for my pretty new d'ess, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

And the childish accents thanked God for "the pretty new d'ess good Aunt Miriam b'ought!"

Aunt Miriam turned her head away a moment—perhaps the light was too bright.

Nina evaded allusion to Harry's business, but Aunt Miriam saw the tax of thought and labor that came upon her, and noted the look of care and weariness that would sometimes steal over her features when she thought herself unobserved, and her heart smote her for her false judgment.

"Harry has made many friends here, but I am afraid they are his sole gains, thus far," said Nina, in reply to direct inquiries. "At

first, as father, who is with James now, prophesied, the way opened finely; but with large supplies on his hands, the price fell in market, and he lost more than we knew how to lose. The failure, too, to obtain state aid to carry out some anticipated public improvements, has depreciated real estate, and, in short, the fickle goddess seems to have turned the cold shoulder upon us. But," she added, with the old elastic tone of voice, "we are all together and all well—are we not, Bernie, boy?" and she caressed the little fellow on her knee.

Clearly the Sabbath bells pealed out their tones on the frosty air. "Day of rest! day of rest!—that is what they are saying!" exclaimed Nina, as she tied her bonnet. "I am my own milliner now, Aunt Miriam!" as she noticed the glance that fell on the quiet but tasteful production of an evening stolen from more weighty cares.

"I think, auntie," said she, as they walked along, "that I have felt even nearer to God since we have had little, than before. I have been so weak sometimes as to doubt, momentarily, it is true; but when I have seen Harry's overcoat beyond repair, and have wondered where a pair of little shoes were coming from, and have gone to God with our wants, supplies when they did come have seemed to come right from His hand as much as though a visible angel brought them."

One day Aunt Miriam handed Harry Lee a check. "Here is a bit of paper that may be of use to you. Take it, Harry." And she went to the window to take up a stitch she had dropped in her knitting.

Harry Lee glanced at the little slip of paper. "No, no, Aunt Miriam!" in a quick, impulsive tone, and reaching it back to her. "No, no; but thank you just as much, auntie dear!"

"Harry!" There was a grieved, reproachful look in her eyes, an expostulation in her voice as eye met eye.

Harry Lee took a turn through the room, broke a stem from one of Nina's plants, and came thoughtfully back. "This, as a loan, would do me, a marvellous amount of good, Aunt Miriam. Please God, in a little while it would put me on my feet again! As such, I will take it," speaking with a deep-drawn breath, "and thank you a thousand times!" and with a warm pressure of the hand, he hurried away.

It was a check for a handsome sum. And Nina Lee wore diamonds again; and her husband was a richer man than before; and Aunt

Miriam lived with them; and Nina was the light of her eyes. The children learned from her to think what children are so ready to believe, that their mother was an angel. It has been beautiful to see the change wrought in Aunt Miriam. Like a bent bow, or a stream obstructed, it has seemed as though long-repressed tastes and sympathies, shut up by pain and prejudice, once feeling the relaxing of will, have blossomed out into song and beauty with redoubled power.

Fitted for society, as Nina was by nature, when she entered it again with her children, it was with all her old love for its light and sparkle. It was pleasant to meet on the common platform—which society for the time at least accords those who exchange its courtesies—to receive and give pleasure for a passing hour in this hurrying world. Perhaps more than before, she sought in her employment those, if deserving, who had less patronage than others, and many blest her for it. Where articles that she wanted could be found at less pretending stores, she purchased them there; but things desirable and beautiful, she valued as of old—according to their worth—not more, not less.

Aunt Miriam can now understand that perhaps no lover's praise ever gave to maiden's heart more pleasure than that of Harry, boy, the eldest born, gives Nina, when he says, as I heard him say yesternight, "You are looking charmingly to-night, my darling mother!"

## THE DESERTER; OR, NUMBER FOUR.

BY MADAME V. E.

"Lay her in the ground, and from  
Her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring."

Among the peasantry of Europe there exists a beautiful and poetic idea—a belief that the first flower produced from the grave mould is a memento of the dead reposing beneath—a tiny messenger from the beloved and voiceless to say that they still love and think of the living. With touching religious faith, the one to whom the departed is dearest, watches for this flower-proof of enduring affection, blest in the thought that he who gathers and treasures it can never forget the dead nor be forgotten by them.

Ceres had swept through the land, abundantly strewing her favors. The fields looked up into the face of the benign Heaven, glowing and laden with their noble wealth, and the thrifty light-hearted peasantry seemed not less happy than their wont. The whole country appeared as fair and prosperous as if no dark hand was outstretched above it, and no iron-heeled foot was leaving there its crushing impress. Yet Number Four, like a great relentless ogre, strode through hamlet and village, and along sun-kissed mountain slope, bearing away father and husband, son and brother, leaving bereaved hearts and desolated homes.

"It is just as I would have it," exultingly exclaimed one whose eagle glance took in the smiling, teeming land. "War is a rapacious

devourer, and my granaries must be filled, my conscript rolls satisfied." "What is the matter, good mother?" inquired a voice, the record of whose sweetness lies upon historic page.

"Oh, madame! was there ever such an unhappy woman as I am? My son, Pierre, has been conscripted, and for nine blessed days have I been here to make my *neuvaine* so that he might be sure to draw a good lot, and after all he has had the bad luck to get that dreadful Number Four, and now I not only lose my son; but my prayers, too—oh! oh!" and the speaker, with the corner of her apron, wiped away the tears which were coursing down her sunburnt cheeks. "But St. Peter pardon me! I know I am wicked to be so sorry about the loss of my prayers, and to be so pressed down because my son has been included in the conscription, when it is all for the good Emperor. But, madame, it is so hard!" and a fresh burst of grief brought the yet dry corner of the apron into requisition.

"I pity you, mother, very much; but do not grieve so; perhaps I can assist you." "And that is not all," continued the old woman, too much absorbed in her grief to notice the words of the kind stranger, and looking for the first time, up into the sweet face beam-

ing down upon her. The blinding tears clearing away from her eyes, left in them two great drops, which, trembling for a moment on their faded light, rolled down the furrowed cheeks, twin pearls of a mother's troubled, loving heart; "that is not all, madame; we were so happy, and Pierre and Juliette have only been married about two years. To be sure, Juliette had no dot, for she was an orphan. I took her when her mother died, and she was always like my own child, and is so good and pretty, and so smart, too; for she can knit and spin, and no girl in the village is so handy; and she and Pierre love each other so much. And there's the baby, too. Oh, how can Pierre go?" and again a flood of tears came to the relief of the poor mother's heart.

Do not weep, my good woman. There are many, no doubt, in the village who, for a small amount, would go in Pierre's place."

"Oh, yes, and Pierre has saved up a hundred francs; and besides, we have a nice little place with a garden, in which Juliette and he work, and raise a great deal for market; and in the winter, we knit and spin, Juliette and I, for we have a little flock of sheep, and some goats, and we were all so happy. Pierre, too, thought he would soon be a great farmer; and now Number Four has come to take him from us, and we may never see him again. He might give his one hundred francs to Francois Morot, who, for that sum, will go in his stead; but this is our little fortune, and we were so long saving it, and it is so dear to us! How can we let it go? Ah, madame, indeed we all love the Emperor; but war is a dreadful thing, and Pierre is all I have since his father died, two years ago, come next Michaelmas day. If my two other boys had lived, I would not mind giving the Emperor one of them, or even two, for he must have soldiers; but when you have only one, it is so hard."

"Grieve no more, my good woman. Cheer up. Here is something to remunerate Francois for going in Pierre's place, and your son can remain with you. You will find besides two hundred francs for Juliette and the baby. Now you may all again be happy;" and the speaker threw a purse into the lap of the sorrowing woman, who was still seated upon the steps of the little chapel where she had made her useless *newwaine*.

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the astonished old woman, rapidly crossing herself as she heard the music of the coin as it fell into her lap, and gazed down upon the gift, shining like gleams of silvery light out through the

meshes of the netting. She clasped her hand over it as if to assure herself of its being a blessed reality, instead of a mocking dream, then throwing herself before her kind benefactress, she seized her hands and drew them to her lips.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, "how good you are! May the Holy Virgin intercede for you, and always be your guardian. You have made old Dame Margate's heart so happy, and she will never forget to pray for you as long as God allows her to live; and oh, may you always be as happy and rich as you are now, for you deserve to be so—you who are so good to those in need."

"Thank you, Dame Margate, and may your prayers be answered;" and one might have seen a shade pass over the fair face of the speaker, and a moisture dimming the soft, clear eyes, which raised themselves from the happy face of the woman to the far-off sky that looked down upon the two, as far apart, as it and earth, the peasant and the sovereign.

"Madame, the Emperor is waiting."

"*L'empereur!*" and Dame Margate's eyes widened.

"And, Mother Margate, do not forget your promise to pray for the Empress. Adieu! may you be happy;" and the good stranger, with a benevolent smile, being joined by her attendants, left.

"Holy mother!" were Dame Margate's words, coming out of the stupor in which she had sat watching the receding form of the good angel that had flashed upon her. "It was the Empress! Ah, how much I have heard of her goodness; but Margate Pastelot never thought she could be so blest as to see her face to face—and this money! oh, what will Pierre and Juliette say? I must be quick and let them know of our good fortune. But how wicked I have been, to think that my prayers were all for nothing. Has not my Lady already answered them. I will begin another *newwaine* to-morrow? Holy Virgin, forgive me for my bad want of faith!"

Dame Margate, with an alacrity and step which would have done her credit even twenty years back, gained her little cottage, where the gleam of bright light from the glad piece of news that she had brought it soon illumed the ever cheery though humble home. That night, we cannot tell how often the fairy gift of a fortune was counted over, and how many petitions were, by these simple hearts, cast upon the waves of faith, to be borne to Our Lady—ardent beseechings for her divine



guardianship henceforth over their good benefactress.

Pierre, the great stalwart Pierre, tossing up his sixteen months old likeness of himself, kept thinking how hard it was to make a wreck of all his mother's darling little plans, as she went on disposing of their new, and in her eyes, magical fortune.

There was the one hundred francs for Francois Morot, (that corner stone to her airy castles). Francois had no mother, no wife, nor child, and Number Four should have taken him; but the Virgin knew best; it was only lucky that all were not conscripted, thus leaving some to go for substitutes. There was that little shed to be built against the kitchen; the thatching of the roof of the cottage was to be renovated before the winter; Pierre was no longer to go to market in that miserable old wagon, which was ready to go to pieces at the merest little rut in the road; the flock of sheep and goats were yielding such a nice percentage this year by way of tiny lamb and kid; there was not a potato that had been put in the ground that had not multiplied to a miracle of the like; everything looked so bright and prosperous; and if Pierre, at the end of the year, was not able to buy the piece of ground that old Jacques Nicolet was willing to sell him, and which by right was a part of their place, she was much mistaken in her calculation.

"Yes, mother," at length ventured Pierre—Juliette, and he had already settled the matter between them, (for what her husband thought advisable—she was always sure of being so); "we are now quite rich, and for that reason I need not remain at home. We will not give the one hundred francs to Francois; you and Juliette can get along without me, and take as good care of our little place as if I were here. You can hire Dame Hurtelet's boy for a small sum to assist you. I am now a soldier of France, and it is my duty to serve my country; besides, there is not one in the whole village who is conscripted, that is murmuring at his ill luck. You surely would not have me the only one who cannot say *Vive l'empereur!* with all his heart!"

"Pierre! Pierre!" gasped his mother, after some moments, during which she had remained like one struck speechless—"oh, Pierre! you will not break my heart;" and the mother, with outstretched hands, bent towards her boy, crushed and pleading, amid the ruins of the beautiful structure she had created. "Pierre, my son, you will not leave me; you are my all,

and if you are killed! Holy Mother, do not allow it."

"But I shall not be killed, mother. No, I shall live to tell my boy here, how I fought for the glory of France; and think, for a moment, of our riches; the one hundred francs we have saved, the three hundred from the Empress, and two, my soldier's pay, which is to go into the little stock, for you know I shall not need much. At the end of the year you can buy the ground from old Nicolet, and when I come home after having done my duty to my country, I will settle down into honest Pierre Pastelot, the farmer, once the soldier; and just think mother, of the stories that veteran Pierre will tell at his own fireside, and how you will all listen, and how proud you will be that your son served France. So cheer up, mother! And old Uncle Jean, soldier that he has been, when I told him of the Empress' kindness, and mentioned that I was going to save the money, almost shook my hand off, and promised to look after you, and Juliette, and the boy. You see, mother, that I only want your approval and your smile again, to give me a light heart, and I am off."

The corners of the apron were applied to the overflowing eyes many a time before Dame Margate could be made to see anything attractive in the picture which her son had drawn. Pierre was her idol—her all—the image of the lost Pierre, who had won her—the blackest-eyed, cherriest lipped girl at the *fête* thirty years ago—Pierre, the pride of all her little flock when a child, the all spared her by the dark hand that had so mercilessly swept through her household. And beautiful was the love between mother and son, for even with the great love which she gave to him, did he love her in return. It is seldom that the idolized child appreciates a tithe of the affection lavished upon it by the doting parents. But Pierre was one of those noblemen of nature, with whom qualities of moral beauty and goodness have strong indigenous growth. Peasant life brings Nature's children nearer to her—Nature's realm is that of poetry—of the essence of poetry—of poetry breathed and felt, though not expressed in words. Poets full of unwritten lays, do these children go upon their humble ways through life—these children so near to Nature. Pierre was one of Nature's poets. The seedling whose germ he had given to the care of the cool, moist clod, as it broke its prison gloom, and struggled up to the sunlight, bore upon its tender budding, less of the promise of bread and good in store for him, a reward for

his toil, than the idea of the thought, breath and finger of the God, back of, above it, and around it. Pierre's love for his mother was the love of his life, though this assertion may seem paradoxical after showing him in position of husband and father. But he had never brought a bride home to disturb the love between mother and son, and it had never occurred, as it generally does in this case, a struggle culminating in the wife, coming off victorious. Juliette and he had always called her mother together. Consequently there was a shade of the brother's love, mingled with that of the husband. Thus, there had never been anything to interrupt this filial love, and Pierre's mother was still as much his idol in manhood as she had been in his youth and childhood.

One more week of home and love, and Pierre was gone. Six homes in that little village lay dull and clouded over by the hand of Number Four. A few days of tears—of dispirited step, as though all spring of life had gone with the departed, folded hands and broken murmurs of the loved name, then with healing time, and the stern demands of life, a return to the old routine, as though no lamb had been taken from the fold.

The little cottage prospered as though the blue heavens above it were an eternal overshadowing benediction. Dame Margate was a marvel of a manager, and Juliette's matronhood seemed to have deepened since her husband had left her side.

The fields donned their winter-white robes, and again put them off for their delicate vernal toilets, and a second Juliette came to bless the home of the absent soldier, and to be a play-fellow to the sturdy, two-years-old, black-eyed Pierre.

Another time of snows and indoor employment, and still the little home prospered. The piece of ground had been bought from old Nicolet, and no farm in all the village could compare with theirs. What would Pierre say, when he came home?—for he was to come home. This was the bright, though distant light that cheered them upon their daily life—this something, ever in store for them, was the stimulant of their existence. It might be years, yet, but it was in their future—the bright star shining steadily upon the night of absence. His letters, rare though they were, and often long-looked-for, were, to them, life, and love, and hope; and theirs to him—he might almost as well been home, for all their simple loving detail.

War's red wine still maddened the blood of

the conqueror, and Number Four yet strode through hamlet and village.

Through the long day there had been a faltering in the step of Dame Margate, and a duller shadowing in the eyes, from which the bright light of youth had long since faded out. Many a time since the early morning, despite her efforts to control a thing so unusual with her, she had been obliged to drop into the old chair standing in the little kitchen where she was attending to her household stores. There was such a sense of weariness and utter exhaustion come over her, and she had never known sickness in all her life. That night, fever-life, for a few brief hours, swept back the strong, enduring life of years to do the work of death, and the next morning Pierre's mother lay still and powerless with the seal of the cold conqueror upon her brow.

One more grave in the village burial-place—another little cross whitening up into the sunshine, and Juliette turned towards her twice desolated home. But, two pairs of loving eyes looked into hers, and from their depths she drew the strength which was now to sustain her in her loneliness and sorrow. And, too, far away among the carnage and strife for human glory, yet shone that bright star, though the eyes that had gazed upon it with her were closed for that long night which has no ending in morn. He was yet, though, shut out from sight.

The birds sang their household songs, and Spring's young grasses grew near the newly-made grave of Dame Margate and that of the Pierre who had blessed her youth and womanhood, ere he left her to be a dweller in the silent city, rose by its side, covered with the emerald verdure of the year's most beautiful season. One night, when the moon, in her first quarter, shed her light so charily that here and there, only, a slanting beam crept up among the low mounds, and the white crosses dotted through the gloom like sentinel spectres, a dark figure hovered about the new grave, and on the stillness of the city of pale sleepers broke the low moan of grief.

"Mother, mother!" came upon that wail of agony: and in the upturned face a shattered moonbeam revealed the soldier, Pierre, bronzed, haggard, with the great eyes searching through the night as if for the loved and lost. He threw himself upon the grave. "Mother! mother!" then came the silence like that of the spent tempest, and rising, as one half blind, he groped his way out among the low graves. Toiling on, he reached the little wicket of his long sighed for home. He crouched up to the

window, an end of the little white curtain was turned aside, and revealed to him the picture within. There, in the cheerful light, sat Juliette, bending over a piece of work, the soft bands of hair shading above the face, the same, but tinged with the thought and gravity that soon comes in an up and doing life. Older a shade or two, slightly careworn, but still beautiful. A moan escaped Pierre. There stood the well-remembered chair, but it was vacant. Juliette started, listened, rose from her seat, looked towards the window, listened, and half doubtfully resumed her work. Pierre groped to the door, laid his hand upon the latch, pushed it open, and stood in the light, tall, and thin, and travel-worn, as some poor pilgrim after many weary days arrived at the wished for shrine. His wife, at sight of so unceremonious a visitor, sprang to her feet, laid her hand upon the babe sleeping in the cradle near her, as if in fear for it, when Pierre dragging the hat from his head, where it had half-concealed his features, stretched out his arms towards her.

"Juliette!"

"Pierre! oh, Pierre!"

But one moment of the pleasure of meeting. Juliette glanced around with a look of terror which but too quickly had chased away the gleam of joy that flashed over her face when he spoke.

"Pierre! ah, now I understand. I did not then; they were here to-day, and I shivered with fear, when that savage-looking man seized my arm, and gazing so hard and fiercely into my face, asked me where you were. 'In the army of France,' I answered; and another who stood by, said, 'She does not know. Do not frighten the woman.' And all this evening I have been trying to think what it all meant; and now I know—I see it all—all, Pierre! oh, Pierre, you have——"

"Deserted, Juliette."

Juliette clung to her husband. "They will come again, Pierre."

"Not yet, Juliette; they will not come again yet. I must remain here awhile. Oh, I prayed them to let me come; but they were deaf to all my prayers, and I am here. Night and day I thought of her, out there in her grave, and I could not rest—I could not stay. Mother! mother! you told me if I left you, I would break your heart. I have done it. You should be alive now, but I have killed you," and Pierre buried his face in his hands. Up and down the floor of that little room he strode in his grief. "Oh, Juliette! it is so cold and silent

out there, and I called upon her, but she did not answer; and when did I ever speak to her in vain before? Will she forgive me? Has she forgotten me? How can I live without her love? Mother! mother! where are you? Darkness, only darkness is where you were!" And all through that night, the strong man gave vent to his grief amid the gloom of a vanished light, the desolation of a vanished love, while the weak woman, strong in sorrow, and clinging in joy, stood by him to soothe and encourage.

There came another trouble. Pierre must be concealed. "It may not be for a long time," he would say to Juliette. The low attic above the main part of their cottage, was mostly used for storage, and was rarely entered, excepting during the winter; the ladder leading to this went up from Juliette's own room. The only female help was a deaf, elderly woman, who at night occupied the small room off the kitchen, and during this time of the year, helped in the field, while her mistress did the indoor work.

How happiness and unhappiness jostled each other in the little home. Day after day, Pierre kept his prison garret, his children for company, while now and then his wife would peep in upon him, with tender words and hopeful, and return to her work with a heart heavy and filled with forebodings, over all, there yet beaming the joyous thought of the loved presence once more.

At a short distance, lay the village graveyard. Pierre could see the white crosses gleaming up into the sunshine from the little square window of his garret-prison. The cottage stood a short distance from the village, the land belonging to it, laying in that direction. On the other side of it ran the hedge of a large orchard, off from this cut a half path, half road, which after a quick angle, led through a dense coppice of willows, up from where, across a small brook, and on the slope of a low hill, was the graveyard. Here, each day, through this retired place; came Pierre, to visit his mother's grave. No one could have recognized him, either as Pierre the conscript, or Pierre the deserter. Him, with his long hair and beard, and shabby peasant dress, and laggard step. Besides, at a certain time of the day, there was no fear of meeting any one. The two men employed on the place, were off at the other end of the large field, so he went and came with a pleasant confidence.

Each day Pierre returned with a look of hope deferred, and a sad shake of the head, to Juliette's anxious, inquiring glance. At last, one

bright sunshiny day—one of a succession of bright days, Pierre returned from his usual walk. To be sure, if Juliette's ear had not been filled with the sweet prattle of the boy, who was playing with the babe in her arms, she might have detected a difference in his step. She looked up, with the come-to-be-habitual inquiry, "Not yet?" in her face, as she placed the little Juliette among her playthings upon the floor. One glance at her husband's face told her all. What a beautiful expression it had brought from the home of the dead, to that of the living! He held a tiny object in his hand. Juliette gave a cry of delight, and the two, falling upon their knees, bent over the treasure lying in Pierre's broad palm, pressed upon it each a kiss, and with eyes tearful in joy, raised towards Heaven, joined in the one word—"Mother!"

A few brief hours more of home and love—a fearful looking forwards to the dark fate gathering around them, and Pierre was once more the strong man—Juliette, though still the loving, sorrowing wife, the firm, true woman.

"It must be, Juliette; and yet I feel as though all will yet be right, however dark it may now seem. Cheer up, and hope."

The next day, Pierre Pastelot, who had been searched for since the morning when, at the roll, no response had been made to his name, delivered himself up as a deserter. He was sentenced to be shot one week from that day.

The distance of the throne from the people depends upon the character of those occupying it. Deafened to insensibility, by the cocoon of greatness in which it is often enwrapped, the voice of subject, unable to penetrate the foldings of vain state, falls upon air. But when from their centre, like suns, thrones shed around them rays of goodness and warmth upon which the cold and suffering may cling and be benefited, how approachable they are, how the people rise up and call them blessed, and how blessed must they feel themselves.

The pleading, but clear and distinct words, "Take me to the Empress," uttered by the woman standing there in the sunlight of that bright spring morning, burdened with her year old, chubby babe, which slept in her arms, were not long in reaching the royal ear. It was the Empress herself who heard them, as with her bevy of court beauties, in the freedom she so much loved, she was enjoying the radiant sunshine and pure morning air. And the picture from whence the words came so pleadingly, would have attracted eye of artist or

peasant dress of the country, stood in the relief of the great trunk of a large tree, against which she had been leaning. The little cap seemed to scarcely touch the golden hair that rippled off around the the small head and above the broad white forehead. She bent forwards, one arm around the babe, the other extended in supplication, while the large blue eyes, beneath their weights of dark fringe, looked beseechingly up into the face turned towards her. "Take me to the Empress." And the red parted lips quivered and closed, as though in weariness of the one burden they had the long morning borne. The sunlight shimmered through the branches of the great tree, and scattered in silvery showers upon the two, the peasant woman and the Empress, as the latter, having motioned away her women, gently took the heavy child from the mother, seated herself upon the stone seat near her, and laying the little sleeper across her lap, looked up, kindly, with the words, "I am the Empress, my child. What can I do for you?"

A quick gleam flashed over the face of the peasant woman; then the lids fell over the great blue eyes; she sank on her knees at the feet of the Empress, while choking sobs surged up from the overcharged heart. After this burst of emotion, in which the overtasked heart found relief, with a look of peaceful confidence she gazed up into the fair, kind face bending over her.

"I know you are," said she, naïvely. "Mother Margate told me so well how you looked." And Juliette went on with her simple story. How Pierre had been conscripted, Dame Margate's meeting with the Empress at the little chapel, her husband's resolution to serve France, their mother's death, and Pierre's desertion, his delivering himself up. "You will save him, madame—I know you will. I knew if I could see you face to face, as Mother Margate did, you would pity us, and save Pierre. They told me the court was here, and that you were out in the grounds every morning with your ladies, and I said I will come here, too, and every one I meet, I will say to them, take me to the Empress; for I thought that you, who are so good, would have some around you good, also, and that they might pity me, and take my words to you; and then I was sure you would have the goodness to let me see you face to face. Tomorrow he is to die. Oh, madame! you will save Pierre—you will not allow my husband to die?"

At the mention of the name of Dame Margate, the Empress drew her hand across her



brow, looked for a moment back into the past, and vividly the old woman weeping upon the steps of the chapel rose before her. And here was the Juliette of her simple story told by the old woman amid the tears shed over the useless *neuvaine*. Laying her hand upon the rippling wealth of hair, and looking down into the pleading, upturned eyes, in a sweet voice, she said—"Go back to your home with a light heart, my child. Your husband shall not die. God only knows how I prize this opportunity of rendering a home happy." She gazed down upon the babe sleeping sweetly on her lap, and a tear gathered in her eye as she thought of that, but one tender young life, which could set the seal upon her life happiness. Tenderly placing the babe in the young mother's arms, with a kind adieu, and an assurance of Pierre's safety, the Empress joined her ladies, and disappeared from the sight of the now happy Juliette.

It was when a few hours after this interview, the Emperor had requested her presence, that the Empress presented her petition. And when had petition of hers ever been refused? This one, on this day, most certainly was not in vain.

The day was drawing to its close. Pierre's request to see his wife had been granted, but Juliette had not yet come. Up and down his cell strode the condemned. To-morrow morning, ere the sun could drink all the dew from the flowers, and the birds had finished their matin songs, he would have crossed the cold sea from which warm, bright life so shrinks. Would that mother for whose sake he had incurred this death, meet him on the other shore? "Mother! mother! a little while and we shall meet!" And up and down in the solitude of his prison Pierre strode, and prayed. The jailor brought in his supper. He heeded him, saw him not. He pressed his burning forehead against the cold stone. "Mother! Juliette! home!" A form stood before him. The sunset beams slanted down through the grated window upon a face, out of which a pair of eyes were searching his. Pierre knew the face—those eyes. What soldier of France did not?

The deserter fell upon his knees.

"Sire!"

"Pierre Pastelot, you are a deserter from the ranks of the Army of France. You are condemned to die. Do you not fear death?"

"No, Sire; but I love life. I have a wife and children."

"A soldier who deserts knows his fate. Why incur the penalty?"

Pierre arose to his feet, drew his thin, almost emaciated form to its full height, and looked down upon the master of empires before him. The large, dark eyes were bright and dilated; the pale, haggard face seemed glorified, as if from an inward light, as one moment upturned to heaven, it bent towards the Emperor.

"Sire, my mother died. I begged for leave of absence. It was denied me. I knew that I had broken her heart. I was her all. I was conscripted; the Empress gave her the where-with for a substitute; but I was a soldier of France, and had no right to do aught than my duty. As such, I left her in spite of her tears—her pleadings; and when they told me she was dead, I knew that I had killed her! Sire, with us it is a belief that the first flower which grows from the grave-mould possess a power that prevents the dead from forgetting you, and you also from forgetting them—belief how dear—how pleasant! With it death has no terror, for death without being forgotten or forgetting, is only a delightful sleep, but a sweet rest after a long toil; and that flower! how I longed to see it bloom—panted to gather it! I deserted, and hastened on my way to find the precious treasure. After ten days of weary, toilsome journey, I reached my mother's grave. It was yet new—the earth was still fresh above it, and not even a spear of grass had found root there. No flower yet appeared. I waited. Seven weeks elapsed, and then one beautiful sunny morning I found a little flower—a forget-me-not. As I gathered it, I shed tears of joy, for I thought that little flower was a message from my mother, and I knew I was forgiven, and that she remembered and loved me still. How happy I felt! and now I could willingly give myself up as a deserter. Sire, I can die! God will take care of my wife and children."

The night shadows deepened in that prison cell, and upon the silence broke the words—

"Pierre Pastelot, you are pardoned!"

"Sire! Sire!" And the dark form lay prone upon the ground. The arbiter of kings and people stooped, pressed his hand upon the bowed head, turned, and passed through that prison door, which from a portal of death, he had rendered an egress to bright beautiful life.

The birds sang their songs, the coming harvests waved in the glad sunshine, and reunion blest the little cottage. Upon the simple prayers of the household were borne three names, that of the now sainted mother who had given love to the humble home, of the fair wo-

man who had blessed it with her sympathy and kindness, and of him who had shielded it from the shadows of death. Number Four still strode through the land, but it could never again dim the sunshine of happiness in Pierre Pastelot's cottage, and Pierre, the pardoned deserter, was also Pierre the honorably discharged soldier.

## THE NEWS BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

More interesting than any novel, is the following account of the formation and operations of the News Boys' Lodging-House in New York City. It is taken from the introduction to a volume of Sermons to News Boys,\* by Charles L. Brace, that untiring worker for the poor and suffering. These sermons were actually preached on Sundays in the lodging-house where these lads assembled. Mr. Brace says:—

While engaged as Secretary and Trustee of the Children's Aid Society, in 1853-'4, I was pained at the sight of such numbers of news boys and street-boys, sleeping about at nights near the newspaper offices, in boxes or under stairways. I remember, one cold night, seeing some ten or a dozen of these little homeless creatures piled together to keep each other warm, beneath the stairway of the "Sun" office. There used to be a mass of them also at the "Atlas" office, sleeping in the lobbies, until the printers drove them away by pouring water on them. One winter, an old burnt-out safe lay all the season in Wall Street, which was used as a bed-room by two boys, who managed to crawl every night into the hole that had been burnt. I was often amused at their accounts of their various lodgings. "Oh, mister," one said, "there's nothing like them steam-gratins—it's just as good as a feather-bed! And next to 'em I likes a good box of sand, 'cause you can git it all up 'round you, and kinder snuggle in it; but bummin' is hard work in a nor'-easter!"

The boys were, as might be expected, a fighting, gambling set, and the little ones were continually plundered by the larger. On inquiring among the missionaries and others of the lower wards, I could not learn that these lads ever went to a Sunday-school or church, or ever had any good public influence exerted on them.

Occasionally, some unusually enthusiastic

street-preacher would go among them, but they "chaffed" him so, that he could do nothing for them.

I asked what became of them, but, as with Dickens' "post-boys," no one seemed to know, until a printer undertook one day to show me, and we found some dozen young men who had been news boys, in the back-room of a gin-shop, all more or less drunk, though it was then morning.

Thinking it necessary to consult the Police, as to any plans which might be adopted for the improvement of these lads, I called upon Capt. MATSELL, the Chief. In reply to my suggestions, he said with a smile at such mistaken benevolence, "My dear sir; nothing can be done for these boys! They are a set of perfect banditti!" I had resolved, however, to attempt a simple experiment—to open a *Lodging-House* for them, as the entering wedge for good influences. I laid the plan before Judge J. L. MASON, the President of the Society, to whose excellent judgment this charity has owed so much, before J. E. WILLIAMS, Esq., the Treasurer, to whose generous heart this enterprise of humanity became one of the warmest interests of his life, Messrs. HOWLAND, RUSSEL, KING, and others, and they all approved, and gave it their earnest and cordial support, and the institution was formally adopted by the Board. The first means for it were raised in Rev. Mr. Cuyler's church, a gentleman present seconding my appeal with a speech that forced tears from all hearing.

The especial condition for the success of the movement, however, was the man to carry out the execution of it. Providentially at this time, I chanced upon one of those men who are perhaps peculiar to America—a skilful mechanic, self-educated, of much natural tact, with an unbounded pity for the weak and miserable, and a good deal of sternness toward the lazy and shiftless, and who had been long at work among the children of the Sunday-schools, Mr. C. C. TRACY. As it turned out, not one man in a thousand would have been so well adapted to open such an enterprise. He

\* Short Sermons to News Boys: with a History of the Formation of the News Boys' Lodging-House. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.

happened to be temporarily unemployed (having just sold out the good-will of his shop and tools), and much against the advice of his friends, agreed to take charge of the intended Lodging-House. He at once began his search for a house, but few would admit such a set as the news boys then were, within their building.

At length, he discovered an old, begrimed loft in the top of a building on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, the "Sun Building." The owner, Mr. M. Y. BEACH, began his long course of kindness to us by saying, we should have that room for the experiment, if every tenant left the building! Our plan was to divide the loft into a school-room, bed-room, office and bath-room, and to furnish the bed-room with wooden "bunks,"\* placed one over another, so as to hold the most lodgers in a given space. To Mr. Tracy was left the general carrying out of the plans, with whatever changes he might think best.

In a few weeks we had (at an expense of about \$1,000,) all furnished and nicely equipped, a Lodging-House, which could accommodate seventy-five lodgers. Notice was given in the papers, and Mr. T. himself spoke to many of the leading boys, who always carried with them a train of imitators in whatever they undertook.

The first night (March 18th, 1854), the school-room was crowded with a motley congregation of ragged and rough boys—many having come in only to make a disturbance. Mr. Tracy addressed them simply and kindly, and told them the objects of the plan: that we wanted to prevent them from growing up vagrants, and to save them from exposure to the weather, and consequent disease, and to help them on in the world. But that they were not objects of charity, but each one a lodger in his own hotel, paying his six cents for a bed, and the only rules were that they should keep order among themselves, and use the bath. They cheered him warmly, and a larger boy, a "speculator," created a great impression by paying at once his whole week's lodging in advance. Those who had come merely "to make a row," left in disgust, and the others passed a quiet evening, and were greatly delighted with the luxury of plenty of cold water in the bath.

When they were "turned in," the Superintendent could hear their exclamations of satisfaction. "Better than bumming—hey, Jim?"

\* When iron began to come so much more into use, we substituted iron bedsteads for wooden, which is a great improvement, on account of their comparative freedom from vermin.

"Rather warmer than the soft side of a plank, aint it?" "Did ye niver see a bed afore?" and the like. The next day several said they "couldn't sleep, the beds were so soft!" During the night there was "larking" going on in the stairways by the outsiders: the gas-burner was twisted off, which might have been followed by serious consequences if Mr. Tracy, expecting this, had not provided a cut-off in the inside.

The next evening, more came in to take beds. The Superintendent talked pleasantly and instructively to them, and the boys, feeling that the keeping of order depended on themselves, were very quiet. They seemed to enjoy the Lodging-room very much, but one thing they could not understand, and were continually "speering" after—What all this was for? Some whispered, "It's a House-o'-Refuge trap!" another, "I know—it's worse 'an that—it's a Sunday-school trap."

After a time, Mr. Tracy introduced the Lord's Prayer, which the little audience joined in heartily. One lad, in some doubt, came up afterwards, and asked, "I say, Mr. Tracy, was that a Protestant or a Catholic prayer?" "Well, my boy," he replied, "I believe all Christian churches hold to that prayer!"

He was unfolding, on one occasion, the Golden Rule, "You must do unto others, as you would have them do unto you!" They seemed very much surprised. "Is it really in the Bible, Mr. Tracy?" and one added, rather despairingly, "But suppose you're short, and couldn't?" (i. e., suppose you have no money, and cannot help other boys.) On another occasion, Mr. T. relates the result of one of his lectures as follows (Ann. Report, p. 25, 1855):

"This evening, while a number of them were telling each other what they had for supper, I undertook to reason with them about their diet—that they should avoid some of the nice things which they had mentioned, and live more upon plainer food, as that was healthier and cheaper; that they should allow their reason, instead of their appetite, to control them in the selection of their food. 'Ah, Sir,' said one boy, 'when a feller is hungry, and has a good hot dinner smokin' before him, it's no time to reason; and I have made up my mind that them ruffled-shirt "guills" (clerks) shant eat up all the good things, nohow?' I concluded to drop the matter for the present, and took another subject."

Their especial vices, Mr. T. soon found to be their wasting of money and their gambling. Some of the more active boys earned sometimes from \$3 to \$5 a day with the sale of "Extras."

and the smaller averaged 75 cents. Yet every penny went for follies—theatres, cards, dice, policy-tickets,\* and games with pennies, while the lads themselves remained ragged and poor. To correct these habits, he introduced innocent games, such as chequers, backgammon and others; and he contrived, what has since been a great blessing to hundreds of street boys, the "News Boys' Bank." This was simply a table with a drawer divided into separate little compartments, each with a slit in the lid, into which the boys dropped their pennies; each box being numbered and reserved for a depositor. The drawer was carefully locked, and, after an experience of one or two forays on it from petty thieves who crept in with the others, it was fastened to the floor, and the under-part lined with tin.

The Superintendent, following his usual plan, called the lads together for a meeting, told them the object of the Bank, which was to make them save their money, and put it to vote how long it should be kept locked. They voted for two months, and thus, for all this time, the depositors could not get at their savings. Some repented, and wanted their money, but the rule was rigid. At the end of the period, the Bank was opened in the presence of all the lodgers, with much ceremony, and the separate deposits were made known, amid an immense deal of "chaffing" from one another. The depositors were amazed at the amount of their savings; the increase seemed to awaken in them the instinct of property, and they at once determined to deposit the amounts in the City Savings Banks, or to buy clothes with them. Very little was spent foolishly. This simple contrivance has done more to break up the gambling and extravagant habits of the class, than any other one influence. The Superintendent now pays a large interest on deposits, and our Trustees have offered prizes to the lads who save the most.† During the present year

\* A kind of lottery-ticket.

† An interesting fact should be related in this connection:

"To meet an absolute necessity, B. J. HOWLAND, Esq., one of our staunchest friends," says the Superintendent in a late Report, "deposited with me, two years since, the sum of ten dollars, to be loaned in small sums to worthy boys, to enable them to make a start in the world. Recently, a lady friend (Mrs. M.) added ten dollars to the fund. During the year, \$256.87 was loaned from this fund, and the profits derived by the boys from the sums borrowed amounted to \$649.95, or a little more than 252 per cent.: only one dollar and eighty cents remains unpaid of the money loaned, which we have not given up for lost. The money so borrowed, has, in many cases, been re-

(1865), the savings in Bank of the boys will amount to about \$250 a month, beside what is deposited in the City banks, or invested continually in business.

Finding some of the lodgers eager to learn to write, the Superintendent quietly opened an informal evening-school for them, inducing several gentlemen of the city to come in occasionally, and lecture or give lessons. All this, however, had to be managed very cautiously, lest we should make the Lodging-House a "bore" to the boys.

We chanced upon our religious meetings something in this wise. The boys had attended on a Sunday some public funeral, which impressed them much, and, while talking together earnestly over the matter, Mr. T. suggested that they should hear a chapter read, and have a prayer. They assented, and a meeting was held, from which has arisen the long course of religious meetings held since for the News Boys, of which this little volume of Sermons is one result. Of these meetings, I cannot express my feelings more strongly than in the following passage from the Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society, for 1864:

"There is something unspeakably solemn and affecting in the crowded and attentive meetings of these boys, of a Sunday evening, and the thought that you speak for a few minutes on the high themes of Eternity, to a young audience who to-morrow will be battling with misery, temptation and sin in every shape and form, and to whom your words may be the last they ever hear, of either friendly sympathy or warning."

The effects on the boys, of this constant patient religious instruction, we know to have been most happy. Some have acknowledged it, living, and have shown better lives. Others have spoken of it in the hospitals, and on their death-beds, or have written their gratitude from the battle-field, on so many hundreds of which these lads have bravely fought.

On one occasion, a boy who had fallen into thieving habits, was so much struck with shame, after one of these meetings, that he called the Superintendent aside and confessed his offences, and gave up his dark-lantern, his wrench and pocket-pistol, with other tools of his nefarious business. He was subsequently

turned in a few hours, and the average length of time it has been kept does not exceed one day. The plan has worked most admirably. We have loaned it in sums of five cents and upwards. Several who have availed themselves of it have been able to acquire a capital, so as to require no further assistance, and now have money in the savings bank."



put into a good place, and became an honest boy.

Mr. TRACY, though full of kindness to the unfortunate, was a strict disciplinarian, as was necessary with these children; and, what was absolutely indispensable to the success of the enterprise, he took care that the most rigid exactness should characterize all his dealings with them. Gradually thus, step by step, he began to gain an influence over them. Individual boys became more clean and less ragged; they swore less and gambled less; there was less fighting and quarrelling among them; cheating diminished, and stealing almost ceased. They learned to read and write: many kept up daily prayer, and listened with great apparent devoutness in the meetings. More and more, traits of generosity and kindness appeared in them, which were carefully cherished by us. Following out the plan of the Children's Aid Society, they were scattered over the whole country, some taking places with farmers, others in factories, others in shops, on railroads and in telegraph-offices. They generally succeeded: their shrewdness and quickness, with the self-reliance they had acquired in their rough life, made them very efficient in whatever they undertook. Our object was generally to get them out of street-trades, such as boot-blackening and paper-selling, for these, if continued too long, lead to an idle vagrant life, and in America, innumerable occupations are open to all who will enter them. Yet even those who remained in the City, grew up honest and steady young men—sometimes even showing an earnest life of religious purpose. Of some of the more apparent results, I quote in a note the testimony of two newspaper men who have had more business experience with these lads than any other persons.\*

\* New York, Feb. 23, 1860.

C. C. TRACY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—You wish me to say what I know of the effect of the News Boys' Lodging House.

I can best comply by comparing the past with the present. Before the Lodging-House was in existence, the news boys, as a class, were hard characters. A few leaders there were "up to anything," and those not strong enough to match them physically, paid tribute. Downright highway robberies, committed by these leaders upon the smaller "fry," were of daily occurrence, and that not in a corner, or at night, but on a corner—a street-corner, I mean—and under the broad sunlight, too. The sums taken from one boy at one time were trifling, but the total amounts of this brigandage were, say from ten to fifty dollars per day. Fighting and rows of every kind were the daily result of their congregation at every newspaper office for their papers, until every decent man sickened at sight of them.

The kindness which these boys showed to one another, (more and more) as they remained

So much for the exterior. The mental characteristics ran in the same channel. Year by year, and month by month, they grew worse, and never better.

The contrast at the present time is remarkable. The "leaders" have disappeared. I have not heard of the robberies for the last two years. A fight or a row among the news boys is seldom seen. The smaller ones pursue their traffic unmolested, and all things relating to the news boys give token of better times among them.

If these changes are not all due to the Lodging-House, I believe that by far the greater part of them can be traced directly to that as the cause.

Yours truly,

M. S. BRACH, (Editor of Sun.)

"NEW YORK SUN" OFFICE, Feb. 13th, 1860.

C. C. TRACY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have been desirous for some time past to express to you the satisfaction I have felt, in witnessing the many changes which have occurred in the condition of the news boys of New York since the night of our conversation at a coffee-room in Nassau Street, during the winter of '53-'54 (if my memory of dates is correct).

As you will no doubt well remember—I am certain I do—the news boys of the city at that time were well entitled to the reputation they had achieved of being unquestionably the worst boys of the town; and from the fact that no boy of mere ordinary capacities of wickedness could hold his hand among them, but must either strive to emulate the speed of the older vagabonds and rascals, or else, from the force of circumstances, be driven from their midst entirely, they became (as it might be said) a picked lot of sharpers, necessarily expert in all kinds of dodges to gain money for gambling and other vile purposes. My business as counter of the daily editions of the New York Sun at that time, brought me in contact every morning (Sundays excepted) with the above-mentioned picked lot, and I had thus great opportunities of knowing them well. It would be hard to give a correct idea of the low habits of the boys during the nights, in the neighborhood of the newspaper offices. What sleep they had, seemed to be only such as they could snap up by lying around on the gratings and sidewalks, where, in cold weather, enough to freeze you or me, they would huddle up together, endeavoring to keep warm from the surplus-steam which came up from the press-rooms below. Now and then, would there bubble up from the heart of a news boy kind thoughts to a chum, who had weathered many a night upon the sidewalks with him, and now, sick and diseased, crawled down after the papers of a morning. But generally they were bad, very bad, and when you told me of the desire of some of the philanthropic men of New York to try to better the condition of the boys, and endeavor to have them grow up good men, I hesitated so long before telling you what I so much feared (because I did not wish to discourage you in the mountainous work), that I had a full opportunity of canvassing in my mind, and I was led to the conclusion to try to say nothing but what might encourage the good design, hoping for the cause of humanity that it might prosper. And now you may well say "Eureka!" God has smiled upon the self-denying men who commenced the work, and upon their labors, and I can fully and unhesitatingly vouch for the important advantages that, through the blessing

under our charge, was one of the most encouraging features of the work to us.

Boys coming in without a penny, ragged and dirty, and vermin-covered, nameless\* orphans, have not unfrequently been clothed and started in business by the others. No story of misfortune was ever presented to them without its calling forth a generous response, and "material aid." They contributed from their small earnings to the "Mount Vernon Fund," to the Kansas sufferers, to those who lost in certain severe fires in the City, to the Sanitary Commission, and many other worthy objects. With all the change and improvement which have been beheld in hundreds of these children, since the Lodging-House was opened, it must not be supposed that any very wonderful change can be seen in the externals of the class. That is, the News Boys, as a class, are continually filled up by new boys who are turned adrift or made orphans, or in some way become homeless. The new members, in the beginning, look as ragged and miserable as any of the former ones used to do; but, when they have been a short time in the business, they do not turn out thieves and vagabonds, as their predecessors did, but with their savings, they are enabled to enter new places, or are sent to situations by the Society. The few old news boys who have remained in the Lodging-House, are (with single exceptions) as respectable lads as can be found.

of the Almighty, have actually been showered upon the despised class of news boys of New York. I say showered, for considering the fact that so few years have passed, since the morning when the Committee of the Children's Aid Society were so earnestly canvassing how to put in shape for a lodging-house the room on the upper floor of the Sun Building, and the great fact that the news boys of the present day may be said to be an entirely different class from those before mentioned, and that I have heard from some of the boys that they are now prosperous and happy members of society in their homes in the West, I shall insist upon it that the good effects of the movement have been actually showered upon the boys, as a class of this great city.

Some of the members of the Aid Committee at that time I am now personally acquainted with, and I at times almost envy them the satisfaction they must feel in having been the instruments in the hand of God of doing so much real and substantial good.

Yours earnestly,

JAMES G. COOPER.

\* Boys have come in who did not know their own names. They are generally known to one another by slang names, such as the following: "Mickety," "Round-hearts," "Horace Greeley," "Wandering Jew," "Fat Jack," "Pickle Nose," "Cranky Jim," "Dodge-me-John," "Tickle-me-foot," "Know-Nothing Mike," "O'Neill the Great," "Professor," and innumerable others. They have also a slang dialect.

Mr. Tracy remained at the head of the Lodging-House till 1856. At this time the Children's Aid Society had begun to employ him in a new and broader field, as their Western Agent in taking out their large parties of children to the West. It was a place of much responsibility, requiring great tact and a spirit of true devotion to humanity. The numbers at the Lodging-House fell off in his repeated and necessary absences, until it became needful to appoint a new Superintendent, Mr. C. C. WIEGARD. Mr. W., by his activity in searching the markets and docks, soon gathered in more even than the old numbers. He also introduced various improvements, especially a new table of statistics of the lodgers. A prolonged effort of his to break up the theatre-going of the boys, by introducing private theatricals among them, did not succeed. On his departure for California in 1858, to take an office in the Mint, Mr. C. O'CONNOR, who had served in the Crimean army, was appointed Superintendent, and Mrs. O'Connor Matron. Under their united charge, the Lodging-House has attained a success such as it never enjoyed before. The qualities, by which they have influenced so large a number of street-boys, and managed them so many years, without once a disturbance and with increasing good feeling from the children, are the most hearty kindness, and at the same time, the most exact justice of dealing and the severest discipline. During the years, for instance, 1864-'65, they have had under their charge MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND different boys, from five to fifteen years of age, following all possible street-trades: a number greater probably than in all the Asylums for children in the City together. Yet there has hardly been an instance of disorder or complaint; everything has proceeded quietly, silently, and with good order, the children constantly improving, and being transferred to good places.

The usefulness of the Lodging-House has also been greatly increased during the last few years, by the constant devotion to its interests of the new President of the Society, WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., who holds the place of the late lamented Judge MASON. This gentleman devotes the great experience and the admirable judgment, gained during a long business life, to the interests of humanity, so that often almost his whole time is spent for the good of others. By his influence, the Lodging-House has been enlarged and improved, so that now it can accommodate 150 lodgers—the large audience-room also being much extended. Mr.

Booth also takes charge, every alternate Sunday evening, of the religious meeting, which, during the last two or three years, has been increasingly orderly and impressive.

Our Lodging-House has a very plain and simple appearance, and we have often wished that we could have more commodious quarters; but in every charity it is desirable that as little as possible should be expended on the unessentials, and our Society has always made it a principle to invest no funds in real estate, but entirely in the work.

From the beginning I have made it a great point to secure in the Lodging-Rooms good ventilation; and, by a simple system of shafts to the roof, we have attained such purity of air in our bed-rooms, as can hardly be found in any hospital or asylum of the City. The great height of the buildings, also favors the health of the Lodging-Rooms—they being open to air and sun—so that for ten years the number on our sick-list has been so small as scarcely to be worth mentioning. By a liberal use of water and good "housekeeping," we are kept wonderfully free from vermin.\*

Of course so many hundreds of wild fun-loving boys, floating in from every quarter of the City, many of them mere street-vagrants, need a strong hand. This Mr. O'Connor holds. His punishments are mainly fines, and occasionally something more severe, as a warning. The slightest want of justice, or an excessive harshness, would send these little rovers back to their wandering, Arab-like life. On the other hand, any failure in discipline would make the place intolerable to every one.

The great peculiarity of the New York News Boys' Lodging-House, as distinguished from similar European institutions, is the payment demanded from the lodgers.† The object of this is to cultivate the feeling of independence and self-respect in these children, and to aid in the support of the Charity. They value the place more from paying for it, and do not contract the vices of paupers. I had always feared that we could not combine the system of half-pay and half-charity; that is, that some should be required to pay, and others be received free. We have done so, however, for years. The Superintendent acquires great tact in discerning who are truly impoverished and unlucky, and who lazy or deceitful. Possibly, the public opinion among the boys themselves, helps him

in obtaining pay from so many. In 1865-'66 there were paid by the boys, towards the expenses of the establishment, \$2,127.44 (two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and forty-four cents.)

Another peculiar feature is the constant effort to get the boys away to "situations" in the country. A more particular account of this will be given hereafter in a work describing the *Children's Aid Society* and its results.\* It is this great opportunity for emigration which has led us to discourage the formation of "Shoe-Black Brigades" and the like, inasmuch as such movements tend to keep the street-children in the city.

The News Boys' Lodging-House is one of the many branches or works of the *CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY*, and while that is sustained, will be kept up. We trust that eventually the Society may be endowed with a Fund, for the especial purpose of making this most simple but beneficent charity for street-boys perpetual.

During the twelve years in which the Lodging-House has been at work, two hundred and seventy-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine (273,969) lodgings have been supplied to homeless boys. But few lads remain over year after year, and as the whole number of different lads, counting year by year, is forty thousand seven hundred and eighteen (40,718), we may fairly conclude that at least more than twenty thousand different boys have been the subjects of this charity. During that time \$42,177.78 have been expended by the *Children's Aid Society* for this object, of which the great proportion has been the fruit of private liberality.

During the same period, twelve thousand and twenty dollars and ninety-five cents (\$12,020.95) have been paid by the boys toward the expenses of the Lodging-House, in petty sums of four or five cents each for lodging, etc. There were also saved by the lads and deposited in their bank, twelve thousand three hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ninety-four cents (\$12,379.94), omitting from the calculation three years in which no account was kept. Over a regiment of these boys have joined the army; great numbers who were placed on farms in the West have enlisted, and are thus returning to the nation what their benefactors have so kindly done for them. One of them, recently, at his death in a Virginia hospital,

\* One of the boys is hired as barber, and shaves some of the heads closely!

† This is now five cents for lodging, three cents for supper, and one cent for use of lockers.

\* It may be noted here that over 16,000 homeless children have been sent to homes and places of employment, mainly in the West, by the *Children's Aid Society* since it was founded.

bequeathed all his savings (\$100) to the Society. lodgings furnished were 43,797; of meals, During the years 1865-'66, seven thousand two 32,867. Their payments towards the expense hundred and fifty-six different boys have been were \$2,127.44. The number every night is members of this Institution. The number of from 110 to 150.

### \* I'LL MAKE IT DO.

BY M. O. JOHNSON.

"I'll make it do," said Mrs. Prentiss, as she laid her pattern this way and that, over her cloth, trying to get an overcoat for Willie out of papa's old one.

"I don't see how you're going to do it," said her neighbor, Mrs. Ellis, who had come in for a social afternoon.

"Wait a few minutes," replied Mrs. Prentiss, "and I'll show you. I can piece the under side of the sleeves so nicely you wouldn't know it if you didn't look close, and piece the facings; and—let me see!—James always wears his coat-sleeves pretty thoroughly; but I can get the pockets, certainly, out of them. There," she added, after a few minutes use of her scissors, "haven't I done it? Wait till it is all sewed and pressed; and see if it isn't 'most as good as new!"

"Well, I will say," replied Mrs. Ellis, frankly, "that I never saw a woman that would make a little go so far as you do, for comfort and looks, too. I wish I had half your faculty."

No doubt a good deal lay in Mrs. Prentiss' native "faculty;" but that faculty had been developed and strengthened, and grown by patient contrivance and hearty action. The wifely and motherly love, that was as the very well-spring of life with her, flowed into her routine of household duties, quickening her perception of ways and means, and prompting her to a thoughtful care and cheerful industry. James Prentiss was a carpenter, a man of good principles and considerable ability, a genial disposition and pleasing address. He had married young; and there were those who wondered at his choice of quiet Susan Palmer, "good and sensible, no doubt, but not to be compared with a dozen other girls in the village, any of whom James Prentiss might have had for the asking—poor, too; and old Jacob Mills would have been willing enough to give him his only child, and round thousands with her!" And when the little ones gathered fast around his fireside, many a one prophesied that "James Prentiss would be a poor man all his days!"

But somehow he never grew any poorer. Work was steady, for those who once tried him, liked to employ him again, and speak a word in his favor to others. Luxuries might not have been found in his home, but daily bread was there, (in the sense of every needed comfort,) and the more mouths there were, the more bread came. Little hands and feet never went cold, for warm stockings and mittens grew in mother's nimble fingers, in long winter evenings. A little fairy, that lived in mother's work-basket, turned old cloaks, dresses and flannel shirts, into miniature editions of the same, clean and whole, warm and pretty, too.

A story that grandma had told the children, in which the steam from the teakettle took form, as a genius, lingered in their memories; and now and then father was informed, with due gravity, when he came home at night, that a little elfin face had peered out from the misty wreaths that went floating upward. But with due allowance for the active fancy of childhood, certain it is that quite unpromising materials were transformed, through that stove, into very inviting dinners. The cold potatoes and corned beef left yesterday, went into the spider, and with a little hot water, a little butter and pepper, came out excellent mince-meat; so with salt fish; the remnant of a roast joint went into the iron pot, and therefrom was poured a nice soup; a few surplus spoonfuls of boiled rice, served for next day's breakfast, in the shape of hot griddle-cakes; and stale bits of bread and biscuit found their way into the oven, in company with an egg, some sugar and milk, and reappeared, a delicious pudding.

A guest might come in unexpectedly; but in Mrs. Prentiss' mind, what she could "make do" for her husband and children, she could "make do" for her company, and with the hearty welcome, pleasant conversation, and consciousness that they were not making trouble, her friends were quite as likely to enjoy their visit, as if she had sat down with them, tired, worried, and nervous, from extra toil.



Not far off, lived another family, with about equal means, but presenting quite a contrast in comfort and appearance. Strange as it may seem, however, the very expression Mrs. Prentiss so often used, "I'll make it do," and whose spirit seemed the good fairy of the house, was as frequently on Mrs. Greyson's lips, but seemed there only to do mischief.

Mrs. Prentiss, though she wore mostly print dresses, always looked neat, ladylike, and even tasteful. Her hair was always smooth and glossy, her boots whole and nicely laced, her checked apron, when soiled, changed for a clean one, and her snowy linen collar never forgotten. Her children, too, though allowed perfect freedom of out-door play, were taught cleanliness and care. But Mrs. Greyson, if her shoe-lacing gave way when she was about fastening it in the morning, would tie it up in a huge knot, with "I'll make it do," twist up her hair hastily, half combed, and hurry down stairs, without a collar, and with a dress bearing the marks of yesterday's cookery. For she would dash into her work, and if a spoonful of soup or gravy splashed upon her dress, as was not seldom, it stayed there till washing-day came round—"made to do." Patches of flour kept it company, and sometimes a rent that had been very small at the beginning, was let go till it widened fearfully. The children, both as to clothes and manners, experienced the ill effects of her "making do" system; even school and lessons being neglected, if she fancied she wanted their help at home, or if a mood of idleness on their part appealed to her mood of indolent indulgence—as if an irregular, dilatory attendance, and half learned lessons could be made to do, in place of a real school culture. Many a serious fault was passed by unnoticed, or met by hasty, injudicious punishment, because the mother would not take the time, or make the effort requisite to correct the evil effectually, with gentle firmness. And ah! a little form lay quiet and cold beneath the churchyard grass, that might still have nestled warm and bright in her bosom, but for the terrible cold that found its way through a hole in the little shoe, that was "made to do" unpatched, when Ellie was sent out-doors to play, "to get her out of the way," a chilly, damp March morning.

Mrs. Greyson sometimes made bitter complaints, and oftener harbored bitter thoughts of her husband, because, as she said, "he stayed at home as little as he well could; he didn't care to talk to her, or seem to think more of her company than if she was a cat or a dog—no,

not so much;" and perhaps she was not wholly mistaken; but if she would have taken the advice that Mrs. Prentiss had kindly and delicately offered more than once, she might have made a difference—who knows?

Well, time passed on, bringing no change for the better, but rather worse, with the Greysons; James Prentiss, meanwhile, supporting his family well, educating his children; and laying by every year, "something for a rainy day."

"Ten years to-day since I was married," thought gentle little Mrs. Prentiss, as her eyes opened on a beautiful June morning. Ten happy years! How full of blessing have they been! My kind husband—my darling children! God forever bless them! And she sprang up, though it was not yet five o'clock, and ere long was tripping cheerfully about her neat kitchen, getting a plain, but excellent breakfast.

"Well, Susie, what do you think?" said her husband, as they sat at table; "I've a mind to make this a holiday, and take you and the children to ride." His eyes twinkled roguishly, as he added—"I'm sure we can afford it as well as anybody."

Susie did not dispute this assertion, and she was well pleased with the proposition. The children were, of course, wild with delight.

It was still early when the breakfast things were cleared away, and Mr. Prentiss drove to the door in a light carryall, drawn by a spirited bay horse, but well-trained and gentle. The children were all dressed, baby springing and crowing in his mother's arms, and they were on their way without delay. Down the village street, along by the river's bank, past pleasant homestead farms, through belts of woodland, over hills and into quiet, shady glens—all in one delightful, ever-to-be-remembered ride. Song of birds, and hum of honey-bees, low of cattle, brook-music, and best of all, children's voices, mingling in a real harmony. Mr. Prentiss took a large circuit, returning by a different road, and about a mile from home, stopped at a neat, well-built, pretty cottage, painted white, with green blinds, standing a little back from the street, with space for a garden in front, and two or three linden trees, not very large as yet, but already beginning to cast a pleasant shade. A little brook rippled along near by, and in the distance, on one side, rose wooded hills, while on the other, lay the village.

Mr. Prentiss asked his wife to go into the cottage, and look it over, and she, knowing that he had been at work on it recently, consented

without much surprise, and went in, followed by the children. The rooms were of medium size, sunny and pleasant, well arranged for comfort, convenience and economy. Mrs. Prentiss' expressions of pleasure, as she went from room to room, seemed to gratify her husband very much. After going over the cottage, as they stood at the parlor window, to enjoy again the beautiful prospect, he passed his arm around her, and asked—"Susie, dear, should you like to live here?"

"Of course I should," she replied, in a quiet tone, not fully taking his meaning. "The lady who comes here, ought to be contented. Is it engaged yet, James?"

"I rather think so," he answered, smiling; "at least, Susie, if it suits *you* to live here."

"What *do* you mean, James?" questioned Mrs. Prentiss, in amazement.

"Just this, dear," was replied. "This place is ours. For ten years you have been a faithful, kind, industrious wife. What I have earned, you have saved. You have made my home comfortable and happy—nursed me when sick, and in health have cheered, and encouraged, and helped me, always. With you, I have been able to do what I could not have done, had you been a different woman. You thought I was working for Mr. Leonard; so I was, and myself, too, though I did not know it at first. When the cottage was half done, he took a notion to go out West, where his son is, buy some land, and settle down. He has never been quite contented here since Joe left. He wanted to sell, and I concluded to buy, as I knew the place would suit you. And as it was so near our wedding-day, and I knew just what arrangements you would like in the house, I thought I would keep it for a surprise. It is the first thing I have ever kept secret from you, Susie, even for a time, since we were married. You put up with a good many inconveniences in our hired house, such as I hope you won't find here. Darling, can you 'make this do?'"

"Yes," Susie said, suddenly; it was an effort to restrain the tears of grateful affection that were springing to her eyes. "I'll engage to do that so long as I live, if you'll make *me* do for you. I only wish I was good enough for such a husband as you are."

"Make you do!" her husband said, as he lifted her face to his own. "My darling!" And—well, the children are out frolicking on the grass, and perhaps will soil their best clothes; and, reader, you may come or stay, as you wish, but I'm going to look after them.

## IN LIGHT CANOE.

BY JOSEPHINE COLLARD.

I'm sailing over sunny seas;  
I'm sailing under cloudless skies;  
And with such harbingers as these,  
How swift each golden moment flies!  
My heart is light—my glance is bright,  
While crowned with joy the hours are;  
In light canoe, o'er billows blue,  
I'm gliding to a land afar!

I've launched my bark from sullen shore,  
Where angry billows lashed her sides,  
And far from surging rush and roar,  
I float along on peaceful tides.  
My heart is light—my glance is bright—  
While crowned with joy the hours are;  
In light canoe, o'er billows blue,  
I'm gliding to a land afar!

I see a beck'ning spirit-hand,  
And borne along on gentle breeze,  
I catch the odors of a land  
That wooes me over sunny seas!  
My heart is light—my glance is bright,  
While crowned with joy the hours are;  
In light canoe, o'er billows blue,  
I'm gliding to that land afar!

## ABOUT TRAINING BOYS.

Too much cannot well be said, if it is well said, on the importance of rightly managing boys.

A lady correspondent of the *Mother's Journal* gives some sensible remarks in regard to training up a boy in the way he should go. She says:—

"Hosts of thoughtless, selfish mothers, shall send upon us another generation of listless, vapid sons, open to temptation. Years ago, a son of my own was the object of pleasant theories and plans. An unerring Teacher took him hence; yet have I learned through him to look with loving eyes on other women's sons, and think what I would do for them. Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' natures. Make the most of any taste, or comely propensities. Encourage them to love flowers, pictures, and all the beautiful things that God has made. Talk with them, read with them, go out with them into the fields and woods, and hallow pleasant scenes and holy memories. A daily ministration to their unfurnished, hungry minds, a daily touch to their uninformed taste, shall make them more comely than costly garments. They will ever bear witness in the character of your children; but your laces and embroideries will crumble to dust. Why don't mothers teach their children more, and dress them less?"

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HOW TO TWO  
TENDER LITTLE VINES.

BY ROSELLA.

She may not be pretty to others, this "half young soul be like a pure crystal vase, and a woman half a child," of whom I speak, but every thought like snow-white flowers there to me she is very beautiful, with her soft gray eyes, and bright tinted hair of paly gold, and the coming and going glow of her fair cheeks—pretty to me, perhaps, because I love her with a love almost a mother's.

I looked up from my work to-day in surprise when I heard her say, "I will not bear that." There she stood, warm and flushed, in the sitting-room door, nervously twisting the ribbons of her hat, her eyes dark and dilated, her lips parted, all over tired, and panting and excited. "What is it, little one?" I said, assuming an air of indifference I did not feel.

"Why, I am really hurt," she said; and her lip quivered, and then she went on and told me of the unkind, and certainly unmerited censure of one of her classmates—words that were like thorns piercing into the flesh.

"Why, sis," said a cheery, sweet voice; and there, leaning over the back of the rocking-chair, stood Aunt Netty, a listener to all that had passed. "That was too bad," said she; but now, my dear, just see how bravely you can bear this painful wound. You did not deserve one bit of this unkindness—let that stimulate your effort. You must learn to bear and forbear—to think kindly and generously, and the very best you can of every one with whom you associate. This sweet forbearance, this receiving, kindly and meekly insults and covert insinuations, is the very material of which are made real men and women. Try to be noble, pure-minded, brave, honest and true; above all, do not stoop so low as to notice the little gossip and tattle that infects society; be above it—get up higher, into a purer atmosphere, and then look down upon these things and see them as they are. I know it is very hard to fold your arms over such a wound, and keep a placid countenance; but you can do it, and you will be the better and happier for it.

"Women are naturally mild, and sweet, and good; but these naughty little ways of society do soil them so, and make their natures grow hideous and repulsive.

"I want you to always be beautiful—not scarred, and sullied, and unlovely. Let your

young soul be like a pure crystal vase, and every thought like snow-white flowers there from their high estate. They should stand up so beautifully exalted—their 'daily walk and conversation' should be above all reproach or gainsaying words. There is nothing more lovable than a noble woman.

"I thought of this to-day, when, at dinner, old Tommy Dowling dropped a vulgar word, half unconsciously; for the early faults of one will cling to him, somewhat, all through life—and the school-teacher, Miss Wood, instead of not hearing it at all, as a well-bred woman should have done, twinkled her black eyes in a suppressed laugh and tried to look abashed, and put on an air of injured innocence. Then, on second thought, she resolved to be indignant, and in this new role she rose and flitted away from the table. What virtuous indignation!

"She is the representative of one class of women. And this very class, who affect horror at vulgar or unseemly things, when alone, in company with other women, use language low and obscene, and beneath the dignity of a man professing half claims to a respectable manhood.

"So while you are learning to watch the 'little foxes that spoil the tender vines,' guard vigilantly against this abomination. You can lay no just claim to an exalted womanhood, if this sin finds and fastens itself upon you. My old mother used to wonder how a woman could ever hope to attain to angelhood, on whom the foul stains of earth rested so blighting. The ordeal of death could not surely efface them, and angels could not be angels and bear them."

And so Aunt Netty talked—her eyes a-glow with the enthusiasm that filled her woman's soul.

And an answering look, serene and bright and beautiful, came to us from the young girl's face, as she answered, sweetly:

"I will be all of this, God helping me." And then we knew that the earnest words of truth, so graciously spoken, had fallen into good ground, and we hope they may bring forth an hundred fold, and through her life may many others be made glad.

## OUT OF WORK.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

"Business is at a dead standstill," said Mr. Worsleigh, as he settled himself comfortably in his lounging chair that Saturday evening. "We discharged two hundred hands ourselves to-night."

"Dear me! and the cold weather just coming on. I'm afraid there will be a great deal of suffering among the poor this winter."

If you had heard the lady's tones and have the fine gift of reading voices, you would have discerned this woman's nature at once—one of those women that I always dislike to write about; but then, they form so large a class and have such a weight of social influence, that one cannot miss the type, whether it be in story or in real life—a woman of conventionalities and respectabilities—a woman who had never been guilty of an impropriety of any sort in her whole life—a woman of a narrow range of thought, feeling, sympathies. She never could take into her own heart and soul the sorrows of another. They were always objective to Mrs. Jennings Worsleigh. There was no warm throbbing quick of sensibilities in the woman. Yet she unconsciously plumed herself on being a very "pink of the proprieties." She was by no means a parsimonious woman, and she had a social reputation for benevolence, founded largely on her practical executive ability, for she was always on committees for asylums, and a prominent manager of charity societies, and, to do her justice, her purse was always open to any tale of real poverty or suffering.

But for all that she lacked the tender womanly sympathies with which fine gold is not to be so much as named. She never could comprehend that her beneficiaries had the same common human nature with herself, and she had a kind of unacknowledged feeling that any trouble which was not perfectly respectable, such as sickness or death, which evils do befall the most immaculate of mortals, was a kind of disgrace to the sufferers, no matter how innocent they might be of all guilt in the premises—shut them off from herself on a lower social level.

"No doubt she felt a certain amount of pity for the 'hands' which her husband's house had discharged that night, but it was of just the sort which the lady's well-modulated tones expressed.

Do you suppose that, sitting there in her elegant drawing-room, surrounded by every grace and luxury in which her husband's ample fortune allowed her to indulge, that her heart went out to this trouble of her husband's employees—entered into the black darkness which had settled down on their homes with those terrible words "Out of work!"

How could she enter in—this woman, with her respectabilities and conventionalisms—into that life and death struggle to make both ends meet, now the fountain sources had failed, and the little mouths still to feed, the little shivering forms to cover and keep warm with fires, for the bitter weather had swept down sudden and terrible, after the long, mild autumn days that carried down a hint of the Indian summer with them into the heart of December.

Mrs. Worsleigh would, no doubt, have admitted, in those mild, measured tones of hers, that all this was very sad; but then she had a sort of feeling that poor people always brought their own misfortunes upon themselves—they had no right to get married. Very likely they haven't, many times; but then that doesn't make freezing and starvation any easier.

Jennings Worsleigh was probably the richest man in the large inland city where he resided. He was the head of a vast manufacturing concern, which yielded immense profits. The very face and presence of the man carried with it a suggestion of business power and prosperity.

Jennings Worsleigh was, by this time, deep in his fifties—a tall, rather robust looking man, with an air just touched with pompousness, like one who is a good deal in the habit of dealing with inferiors—a shrewd, alert habit of face, under thick iron gray hair. He had been twice elected mayor of his native city, and held various other subordinate civil offices—a man of weight and honors in the business and social community.

Mrs. Worsleigh looked precisely as you would expect a woman of her type to do—a mildly pleasant face, with some late bloom lingering in it still, and if there was a slight artificiality in its expression, nobody probably suspected this—least of all, the lady herself.

Mrs. Worsleigh was not the only one who heard her husband's remark. There was a

group of girls about the piano, four in all, the likeness to father and mother shared pretty equally among them—pretty, stylish, lady-like girls, all in society, the youngest having emerged from boarding-school nearly two years ago, and there was no great gap betwixt any of their years. Nature and education had made them very much after the mother's pattern. It was doubtful whether their father's remark, freighted as it was with woe to so many human beings, sank to a depth of five minutes in any of their thoughts, for they were in a buzz of ecstasy over some new German music which had come in on the last steamer.

However business might suffer, it could not affect them seriously while their father had a snug half million invested in securities that would not be likely to feel any commercial vicissitudes.

Last, but not least, occupying a seat which divided about equally the distance betwixt his father and mother at the grate, and his sisters at the piano, sat Warden Worsleigh, with an elegant Derby's Iliad in his hand. He was the youngest of the family, not yet quite out of his teens, and at home for the holidays from college. There he sits, in a sense, the pride and pet of his family, as a solitary son is apt to be, especially when there is a company of sisters who have a small advantage of years.

Warden Worsleigh was, however, a sort of mystery to his family, and, with all their pride in him, a kind of perplexity and anxiety to his father and mother. They never felt just sure of him.

There he sits, by no means the ideal of a slim, graceful youth. Indeed, he seemed rather singularly to have missed the general good looks of the family. He is rather short and thickly built, with a crop of loose, light, fine hair, that from his birth had a wonderful persistency of never staying where it should; a finely-developed head—not of the sort, however, to strike an artist on first view. The features are of the aquiline type, and the general expression of the face is thoughtful, though, if you come to know it well, you will find plenty of variety and latent mirth in it.

In the eyes, too, not remarkable perhaps on a first glance, are slumbering fires that are their own witnesses of strong forces within—gray eyes, as much like his father's as his mother's, and not a particle like either.

Indeed, Warden Worsleigh does not seem to be akin to his family in anything. The whole mental and moral constitution of the youth is

unlike his household's, and his soul has never been acclimated in that atmosphere.

Jennings Worsleigh's speech that night cut like a swift pain into the heart of that boy of his, and brought him back with a terrible jerk from the grand drama of the old Greeks to this hard, practical nineteenth century, and to the men and women who were living actors in it.

"Two hundred men out of work!" Warden Worsleigh knew what it meant to them and their families, by some birthright instinct of his nature, as his pompous father and stately mother, sitting there—as his gay sisters, with their silly chatter at the piano, could never do. He could go right out of his splendid home into the lowly ones of the workmen and enter into the secret places of their dread and fear, feel the sharp, the sullen despair, the long hours hanging wearily upon the hands, and the wants accumulating day by day, and the purse growing lighter all the time. Then the bitter struggles with the stark wolf standing at the door, the pitiful attempts at economy on every hand, the retrenching of food, and warmth, and light, the soul all the time growing cramped and sordid in its struggle to hold itself in the body.

Warden rose up, tossed down his book, and stretched himself; it was a kind of relief to a sharp pain that struck him somewhere in the region of the heart, he believed.

"Warden, my dear, what is the matter?" asked his mother.

The young man's mood was always crustaceous when his feelings were touched—at least with those whom he knew would not understand them. And Warden Worsleigh was sensitive about showing the best side of himself, which, though not perhaps the highest feeling, is immeasurably better than hypocrisy. "Confounded dull here!" he said. "Fellow isn't good for much at home after he gets into his third year at Harvard."

"Warden, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, when you haven't been home for six months," remarked the eldest sister, with a half injured, half indignant tone.

And his mother added, in that voice of mild, dispassionate severity which afforded some weight to all remarks of that sort, aside from the common sense which usually inhered in Mrs. Worsleigh's speeches—"I little suspected, Warden, that the effect of college life would be to make your home and family intolerable to you."

Warden stood still a moment, with a little look in his face like a lion at bay; then it passed, and he said, in that indolent, indiffer-

ent way with which he always parried family reproofs—"Can't a fellow say twice as much under his own roof as he means, without your taking him up in that style, and drawing such sweeping conclusions?"

The youngest sister broke right in here, with—"Warden, it's been a long time a question with me whether you were handsome or homely, and I've never been able to decide yet." She had just seen the lion at bay look in his face, and it became him.

Everybody in the room laughed. "It's a matter of immense importance to me," said Warden, with his mouth as grave as a judge's, pronouncing sentence, but a warm gleam of a smile in his eyes. "Still, where the doubt exists so long, I think it's safe to come to an affirmative conclusion as to the homeliness."

There was more talk of this kind, pleasant surface glitter you see, innocent and enjoyable enough, if only there were the solid eternal foundations beneath.

Warden walked up and down the room with a gait which had a slight slouch in it—a fact no one of his family could have been brought for a moment to acknowledge, his head bent forward, his hands in his pockets—something working in his face, perhaps it was a mathematical problem, perhaps some of that old Greek thunder of Homer's rambling down deep in his thoughts.

Meanwhile the excited chatter at the piano went on again, intermitted occasionally by some notes from the grand piano, a bit of an air from the German, or a few notes of a fantasia, or something of that sort. All this time that old, sore, pain lingered about Warden's thought—the pain came there oftener the older he grew and the deeper he saw into life.

What did God mean with this world He had made? What terrible pitilessness there seemed in His dealings with its men and women. He—the Father, tender, and wise, and loving, for the children He had made! Think of those helpless men turned out in midwinter from their work—think of their wives and children left to suffering—to the sharpness of hunger—the bitterness of cold. He saw it all—he could have prevented it all! Look at all the pain, and agony, and helplessness, which swept on beneath His gaze every time His sun and stars shone over the world He had made. How could He sit up there in His strength, and calm, and eternal joy, and behold it all, and yet let it go on?

What right, for instance, had he and his household to that luxurious home—to all the

warmth, grace, elegance about them—while others, men and women of the same flesh and blood—above all, of the same warm, throbbing human souls, were crushed with poverty and misery all around them! He couldn't understand it, running his fingers through the loose, light floating hair; and the questions hurt deeper and deeper every time they rose up and gnawed at his soul. He wished that he could shut them out; but there they were—terrible iron Facts, strong as life, death, eternity, to be answered somehow. Yet I wonder, sometimes, whether God ever gave man or woman any great work to do in the world, without just such awful questions as these have strained them to the last fibre, without they have felt as Robinson says—"the dreadful crackling of the ice of doubt beneath their feet."

Warden Worsleigh never suspected that the day waited for him when he would be the fitter apostle and teacher to others for all this. At last—he was of a tender nature with all his reserve—he went and threw himself down on an ottoman at his mother's feet, and laid his head in her lap, looking up in her face. Perhaps he would find some answer there to all the seething and doubt. Her eyes smiled down on him with the mother-look of pride and tenderness, but that was all. She could not satisfy the craving of his soul.

It inhered in him, as it does in the finest tempered nature, to take another's pain, grief, want, right into his own heart; to feel, ache, stifle with it; but some fine instinct taught Warden Worsleigh that his mother, though she would probably have laid down her life for him, could never enter in here with him. She was shut out, by some law of her own nature, or her own fault! Another doubt here! Still, his eyes wide and dark now, had some struggling, pained look in them, which Mrs. Worsleigh dimly discerned. "What are you thinking of, Warden?" she asked, putting her soft fingers into the mass of light, loose hair.

"Nothing—that is, to talk about," setting his jaws tight, and looking into the fire with that silent, dogged look, which was another habit of his face, and which, when it came, always proved no time to talk to Warden. He was always a little odd and moody, his family thought.

It was a pleasant fire—one large, live heap of scarlet coals. What if it brought up by contrast some other fires, not so bright or large with jets of timid flame leaping out furtively here and there, or the coals dropping into a little gray-white sand of ashes? Coal had



gone up fearfully the last month. Warden shivered in the warmth thinking of all that.

At last the ten-bell rang. Warden rose up and shook himself, the body, perhaps, taking part with the soul in an effort to shake off something else.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas night. Overhead, the stars large and thick, and in the midst of them a round, full, bright moon, looking down on a cold, sharp, clear night. A wind came into the town from the sea, miles and miles away—a cold, sharp wind, biting through the clear air, stinging up every drop of blood in your veins, and stirring good, strong thoughts in your brain, too, if that was only of the right sort.

The town was all astir that evening; the long main street aquiver with life and gas-lights, and the show-windows of the stores all ablaze with pretty toys and graceful knick-knacks to solicit the eyes and purses of the passers-by. And purse-clasps were loose, generally, that night. People were in an immensely good humor, jostling each other in crowds on the street without getting angry, lumbered with all sorts of mysterious parcels in brown and white wrappings, suggestive of home delights, and loves, and sweet surprises.

Of all that intent, bustling happy crowd, however, you, reader, have just now to do with but one man—a solitary man, whom nobody took any notice of, making his way in the throng as he could. Something—I cannot tell whether it was in this man's gait, or his figure, or his face—made you feel that he was shut out from the life and brightness about him. A rather tall, lank man—youthful—a little past his thirties, perhaps, with a heavy step—a laboring man, evidently; his clothes, if you got near enough to examine them, patched, threadbare and baggy.

For the face, it was not remarkable—dark, somewhat lean, with heavy jaws and yellowish whiskers; yet, if you had watched him narrowly, you would have seen something hungry, wistful-looking out of this man's eyes, which might have given you a hint of the dull, dead pain, of the black despair, or of the wild, strong desperation going on by turns in the man's soul that night. He walked slowly, like a man who had nothing to do; sometimes he nearly came to a standstill, looking in at the gay windows, or staring at the stream of faces that hurried past him.

Rolfe Burrows was only one of the two hundred hands turned off three weeks ago down at

Jennings Worsleigh's factory. He had left his home—one of the little brown tenement houses near the Green—perhaps because everybody else was out on Christmas Eve—perhaps because the thoughts at work in his brain and heart scourged and maddened him, drove him like a taskmaster from one scene to another, and gave him no rest by night nor day.

Just now he is thinking of last Christmas. Work was brisk, and labor was high, then. What a turkey that was he carried home for the dinner, flanked with cranberries and cool, crisp stems of celery! What a merry day they had of it, he and his wife, and that blue-eyed Tibby with her four years, and Jacky that had just got landed with two new teeth safely over his first birthday!

The best part of it all, however, was the children and the toys. How Tibby's face did shine as she drew the doll and the cradle out of her stocking; and beyond there was a little basket with a scarlet cushion, and a corner for a bit of a thimble, and a pair of doves, spotless as the Christmas snows. And there was a boat with a sailor at the oar, and a trumpet, for Jacky, that set him fairly into ecstasies, and the young mother looking on with her pleased face—such a different face from the one it had worn this Christmas Eve—following him with its anxious, harassed look as he went out of the house.

Rolfe Burrows was mumbling over in his thoughts what sort of a Christmas this would be to him and to the wife and children, who were dearer to him than life.

In these three weeks the last dollar had gone; for the year had been hard on him—sickness of one sort and another in the household; and he had fallen behind before the work gave out, hoping to make both ends meet, though, at the close of the year. Then there had come the discharge, followed by three weeks of idleness, or of spasmodic attempts to get employment—useless always—for the supply in all branches of manual labor just now was greater than the demand.

Meanwhile, retrench and economize as they might, the money was slowly drained away. There were the little mouths and the big ones to be fed, and the life to be kept warm all this cold weather.

Rolfe had tried to brave his courage and carry a stout heart under all, but the darkness had come down thicker every day, until now in this Christmas Eve it had settled on his soul, black and stifling. For the man stood face to face with the hunger and cold that had been hunting him down for weeks.

Not a remarkable man, in any wise, as I told you, but he thought, with a pang bitter as death, of the little delicate wife at home, and of that rosy-faced Tibby, and of the two-year-old Jacky; and his heart fairly stood still with its sudden stricture of agony. If he could starve and freeze for them all! Then he looked up at the sky, and the stars that were shining there, so bright, and cold, and far off; and nearer at hand, was that great, eager, joyous crowd, carrying home its Christmas gifts—the very sunshine and quintessence of love in them.

He wanted to carry home something, too. How could he meet the child's eager, expectant face the next morning and the awful disappointment that would be certain to come down on all that brightness, when he told her he had no Christmas gift for her—why, even little Jacky had begun to stammer about, "Tanty Caus," and had gone to bed dreaming of something bright and wonderful to-morrow—he didn't know what.

At that moment Rolfe Burrows came opposite a great toy-shop, the window all hung over and dazzling with bright colored trifles. There was a wooden soldier in a blue coat—just the thing for Jacky; and a bit of a cottage, with a mite of a woman before the door feeding a flock of chickens—the very thing to set Tibby's round eyes dancing with delight. The man plunged his hands into his pocket, from old habit, almost expecting to hear the coppers rattling there; but the last had gone. Was it the keen wind stinging up the salt tears into his eyes?

All these things awayed and swirled through the man's thoughts, as he groped his way along, his brain on fire, sometimes, his heart frozen within him at others, and dreadful visions of empty coal-bins and bare cupboard shelves dogging him through all.

At last all these other feelings were merged in a kind of hot frenzy of bitterness. The man was not a philosopher—not a very good Christian, I'm afraid—his powers, most of them, whatever they might be, latent so far; and he was nothing more than a fair workman—steady and diligent, and having a reputation among his class for being a cheerful, good-hearted fellow.

But now a fierce madness rose, as I said, and surged through the man's whole being—beat madly against that destiny of his.

Why was he singled out, beaten, defrauded in life? What had he done to bring this misery on himself? He looked on the gay, drifting crowd with a sullen hate and envy in his eyes.

Don't blame the man. If you were in his stead, you might be no wiser, no better. He wondered what right they had to all that vast bustle and gayety, to their home-warmth and love, to their nameless little projects and gifts, while he wandered amongst them almost like Cain—lonely, desolate, shut out from all joy and peace by a fortune that was not his own.

The lights, the bustle, the Christmas were not for him. Then there stole across his thought the old teachings of his boyhood, and of that "one unspeakable gift" for all mankind. But the man's soul was drowned in a darkness too dense to see any of the lights shining on that far off coast.

Who and what was the God that had dealt so hardly by him and his? They might talk about Him in the pulpits to-morrow. Let the preachers come down and stand just where he did, and take the bitterness of his grief upon them, and then, perhaps, they might talk of God. But where, to-night was the God of Rolfe Burrows' childhood, with His heart throbbing with tender love? His cold, still stars shining up there, made no answer when the man's gaze, half fierce, half wistful, went up to them with that awful question.

Did he see little Tibby's sweet face lying amongst the pillows, smiling over dreams that were to have such a dreadful awakening to mourning? Did he hear that little Jacky, lisping about "Tismas"? And there, too, was the mother, with her sad, patient face, and the heart-ache under it? And then, too, he was a desperate, half maddened man. "Talk to him of God, would you?" a bitter sneer curdling across the sullen despair of his face.

At that moment—the blackest which had ever fallen into his life—Rolfe Burrows' glance rested half vacantly upon a figure which came out of one of the fancy stores in a hurried way and stood a moment on the steps, settling some bundles deeper in the capacious pockets of a shaggy overcoat, before it went up the street—the figure of a young man, thick-set, square shouldered, with a resolute way of setting his feet on the pavement, which might have struck people who are given to noticing these things. In the moment that the figure had stood there, with the street-light flaring full upon its face, Rolfe had recognized it.

He had seen young Worsleigh, the son of the factory owner, a good many times down there among the works—a pleasant fellow, without any airs, and a kind word always for his father's employes.

Something more than that Rolfe had seen—something dark, with bright steel clasps, that had slipped from out of the young man's hand while he was settling the varied packets in his pockets—Christmas-gifts, no doubt for the people at home. The young man passed on, unconscious of his loss, and Rolfe sprang forward; so quickly was it done, that the whole thing seemed to transpire without any conscious volition of his own, and he had, what he knew it would prove to be—the pocketbook of young Worsleigh in his hand.

It proved to be also a plethoric one. Rolfe knew that by the feeling, before he unclasped it, and saw the pile of "greenbacks" inside. Then he closed it again, gripping the thing fiercely in his hand, and thinking what was inside of it—warmth, food, a happy Christmas for the mother and the little babies at home. Rolfe's heart bounded suddenly out of its despair, for he saw Tibby's bright face, and heard Jacky's crow as he held up the toys, and saw the sudden tears in Maggie's eyes; and then Rolfe remembered the pocketbook was not his! There, just ahead walked the unconscious owner, with the slight slouch in his carriage, and the resolute step underneath. Should Rolfe go up to him and give it back, saying—"Here's your pocketbook, sir; I found it on the street," and go back, too, into the old wretchedness? Then—I suppose it was the devil entered into the soul of Rolfe Burrows, as he does into the souls of all of us—he said to himself, the man ahead there would never miss what he had lost. When he found it was gone, he had only to call upon his father for a fresh supply, while to Rolfe, and to his family, it was like the first sweet, fresh breath of Heaven, to a man suffocating down deep in the earth among deadly gases.

He wouldn't keep it for himself—he called God to witness that, but for his wife and his little ones. He gave a gasp here, for that terrible word, *Thief*, came up suddenly in his thoughts, and seemed to burn and singe them "as it were fire."

But he put it away, locking his lips together into a look they had never worn before, and trying to steady his thoughts on a brace of chickens or a fat turkey, and wondering what Maggie would say when he held up the fowls before her—it would be an easy matter to mislead her about the money, not necessary to tell a lie either; yet, when he thought of those clear, honest eyes of hers, the sick faintness went over his soul again. For this poor workman had a clean record. In all his life he had

never cheated or overreached any man; never spent a cent that was not his own, and he had been proud of it, as he had a right to be; and now all his old instincts of honor and integrity recoiled from the deed that he was tempted to do.

But Rolfe asked himself whether, with that money in his hand, it was right to let his wife and his children starve? If he could only tide over this Christmas, there would probably be work afterwards, and perhaps he might repay the money sometime—that devil's sophism you see. God only knows how many souls have gone down into black gulfs of ruin on the rotten plank of that word—"Repay."

Rolfe had kept behind the owner of the pocketbook all this time, some vague feeling unconsciously holding him in that track, I think. So he saw, when the young man paused suddenly, fumbling first in one pocket and then in the other. Then young Worsleigh wheeled swiftly round, his eyes searching the pavement, and in a moment he was face to face with Rolfe Burrows.

"Sir!" speaking in a hurried way, taking no time to observe the man whom he was addressing, "I've lost my pocketbook somewhere on the street here. Have you seen it?"

"No, I haven't."

The words were out promptly—involuntarily, it seemed to Rolfe Burrows; a single breath of air, and he was a liar and a thief!

The young man passed on, intent upon his search. Rolfe clasped the pocket-book so tightly that his finger nails struck deep in his palm; but a cold sweat started all over him; a chill struck and shivered from head to foot, leaving a great faintness that made him weak as a child—a weight clung to his steps. Then the poor bruised, perplexed soul had in that dreadful moment to decide for itself. The old lessons of his boyhood came back and thundered with awful authority through his memory; then he thought of his home, and a pang clutched at his heart, and he almost yielded; his face grew white and worked fearfully; he looked up at the cold, solemn stars, almost expecting to find God's face there, whether in wrath or pity he could not tell, but there were His stars, only as they had shone for six thousand nights. Nothing there for him, his heart going down again into the temptation, and his large, numb fingers clutching at the pocketbook. Who in Heaven or earth cared whether he was a liar or a thief? Again the scorching smart of those words. Then the man's will gathered up its forces once more, clutching after the old stainless life which had just slipped away from him,

leaving him stranded there in the mire of falsehood and theft.

After all, was there not some misery worse than poverty, even if it came to hunger and cold, or to the bitterness worse than death, of asking charity—the misery of crime?

Rolfe Burrows' soul girded itself up, wrenched and bruised between the forces of good and evil that had struggled for it that night, and suddenly, in a moment, as though he dare not trust himself, he turned on his heel and hurried after the man in the crowd before him.

Warden Worsleigh felt a hard hand laid upon his shoulder, and a strange, hoarse voice was saying—"Take your pocketbook, for God's sake!—not for the mother's, nor for Tibby's, nor the baby's, but for God's sake, take it!"

The pocketbook slid into his fingers; he saw the white face working all over with something awful in it; he heard the wild whirl of the words, as of an insane man, and then Warden Worsleigh was alone.

There was a moment of blank amazement, and he had recovered himself; and in a dim way—for he had, as I have said before, the rare intuitions of finely-tempered natures—he saw through it all, and started after the man, shouting—"Stop, I say, a minute—stop!"

People stared at him as though he were suddenly gone mad; but though he wandered, searching through the crowd for an hour, the man was gone.

Warden Worsleigh went home, that white strained face haunting him. He had seen it somewhere, but his memory worked and worked over it, without finding any frame of time or place.

The reserve, which was a part of his nature, prevented his saying anything to his family of what had transpired while he had been out on a hunt for some Christmas gifts for his mother and sisters.

The sparkle, the mirth, the bright, luxurious life, grated on Warden's mood that evening as it seldom did, and the face followed him everywhere, and he carried it at midnight into his dreams, and it made a dull pain there.

#### CHAPTER III.

The Christmas morning which followed was without a flaw; a cloudless sunrise spending itself in golden light upon the world; a keen, delicious air, and just a film of snow, dainty as cake frosting, on the ground.

At the Worsleighs, the mother was complacent, and the girls jubilant over their "gowgaws," as the father and son rather

patronizingly termed them. Men somehow have a fashion of talking that way over things that women delight in.

The night had not drowned that strange face for Warden Worsleigh. Somehow, it came up out of his dreams and haunted and perplexed him again.

After breakfast, his father had the sleigh out, saying he was going over to the factory to have a half hour's talk with the foreman, whom he had engaged to meet there, if it was Christmas.

Partly as a relief for his restlessness, Warden volunteered to accompany his father, and when they reached the factory, the elder Worsleigh and the foreman grew perfectly oblivious of the younger. Warden wandered out by himself among the great silent rooms and the vast machinery, still now, as though death had settled down on all that loud, whirling life, and silenced its throbbing pulses, and frozen its leaping veins.

There was something oppressive to a nature susceptible to outward influences as Warden Worsleigh's, in the silence so strangely in contrast with all the rush and thunder of the vast machinery.

He was returning to the office, and had just gained a point which commanded a view of a series of great wheels in one of the lower rooms, when suddenly, as in a revelation, the truth flashed upon him. He had seen the man who had returned his pocketbook last night, tending those wheels—a youngish man, with an open, pleasant face, that Warden probably would never have thought of again but for what had happened.

Now he went back to the office, finding his father and the foreman deep as ever in their talk. The young man broke right in upon it, with—"Mr. Fordham, will you tell me the name of the man who used to tend the big wheel in the rolling-room?"

Both the men looked up in amazement; but Fordham always had his knowledge at prompt command, and never forgot a name after he once heard it—a small, spry, observant man.

"H-m! oh yes, I remember. Burrows—Rolfe Burrows; clever, trusty fellow as there was in the buildings. Had to be turned up, though, with the rest of the hands we shipped off more than three weeks ago."

"Rolfe Burrows! Can you tell me where he lives?" asked the proprietor's son, who had not lost one word.

"Can't say as I know. May find it on the books, though."

"What's started you off on that tack, War-



den?" asked his father; but the young man was already out of hearing, and the elder ones returned to their business talk.

An hour later there was a brisk knock at the little frame house in the suburbs, where Rolfe Burrows lived.

Warden Worsleigh did not wait long before a little child opened the door, a frame of brown curls around a small bright face, but the tears were not dry on the eyelashes.

"My child, what has made you cry?" asked Warden Worsleigh, in his kindest voice—a voice that very few men had.

"Papa hasn't got any money; so Jacky and I can't have a Christmas present," lisped the sweet tones, with a tremor running all through them.

Warden Worsleigh laid his hand on the child's hair. "Now listen to me. If you will tell me whether your father is in, and what is his name, you and Jacky shall have a nice Christmas present before the day is over."

Such a flash of wonder and delight as there was in the small face.

"Papa's name is Mr. Rolfe Burrows. You can see him right in here," and she led the way into a back room, where a man was sitting before a small fire, and near him was a woman with a gentle, faded face, and a large, rosy-cheeked baby in her arms.

Rolfe Burrows rose up. He knew his guest in a moment. There was a little flush on his cheeks; but he was tolerably self-possessed. Rolfe, somehow, had felt like a man ever since he returned that pocketbook, and the sullen despair had not come upon him again. Poor and desperate he had been, but there was something in him which money had not been able to buy.

Warden came forward, reaching out his hand. "Do you know who I am, Mr. Burrows?"

"Oh, yes. You are Mr. Worsleigh's son."

"That's right; and—and," looking round on the others with his pleasant smile that went into your heart like light, "I've come round here for a few moments' private talk with you."

Rolfe opened the door into an adjoining room—a bit of a parlor that, despite its smallness and plainness, had a good many tasteful, womanly touches, that would have made it pleasant with a cheerful fire.

Poor little Mrs. Burrows sat with Jacky before the fire, quite overwhelmed at the honor of a visit from the son of her husband's employer. She was certain, by the young man's look, that it boded no evil to them, and the

heart of the little brave woman, that had carried its pain and burden silently through all these days, grew suddenly light as a bird's. Tibby commenced capering up and down the room like a wild thing.

"What is the matter with you?" said her mother, with Jacky fairly wriggling off her lap to join his sister.

"He said I should have a Christmas present. Jacky and I both. Just think of it!" bouncing back and forth.

The mother's face was worth going far to see, with the tears; but, for all that, her first remark was true to herself. "Oh, Tibby, if I'd only got your white apron on!"

Meanwhile, something very different was going on betwixt the two men in the parlor.

"You were the man who gave me the pocketbook last night, Mr. Burrows?" asked Warden Worsleigh.

"I was the man, sir. I don't know what I said, for I seemed to have gone crazy at the time. I ask your pardon for the lie I told you. I was in great trouble—and—and—" Rolfe thought he was a great fool, but he actually found himself crying, and he hid his face in his arms on the table.

A moment later a soft hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice, tender as a woman's, was saying: "Tell me all about it, Mr. Burrows, as you would to your best friend."

How it was all drawn out of him Rolfe could never tell; but, somehow, he did find himself going over all the agony of that night—the dreadful despair, the awful temptation, and young Worsleigh was drinking in every word, with the tears in his eyes. Perhaps Rolfe would not have kept on talking, had it not been for the sight of those.

At last he said, rising up, and there was a certain dignity in his manner—the dignity of one who holds clean hands with his self-respect:

"You see, sir, I had manhood enough, with God's help, to resist the devil at the last."

"I see, my friend. You will have reason to be humbly proud of that moment to the day of your death. Now take this, and get the house all warmed up, and have a merry Christmas dinner for your wife and babies. Don't hang back now. It's only a fair reward for my pocketbook, you know; and as for the work—don't trouble yourself to-day over that."

Warden Worsleigh pressed a couple of ten dollar notes into Rolfe's hand, wrung the other, and went out, leaving the man alone with God and his family.

An hour later there came some bundles to the

house, in dainty wrappings of tissue paper, which, on being investigated, disclosed a wax doll, with eyes that actually opened and shut, and rings of real hair about rosy cheeks, and a perfect china tea-set, for Tibby; and a sleigh with real bells and four horses, for Jacky; and close under the seat were stowed a variety of pretty toys, just suited to the capacity of two and four years. The children made one long riot of delight of that Christmas day.

Warden Worsleigh chose his own time to tell Rolfe Burrows' story; and it was in the evening, when the winds had gathered themselves together, and were raving outside, like mad things let loose, making their home seem pleasanter than ever.

All his hearers were interested, touched, more or less.

"Father," concluded Warden, "you must find this Burrows a place somewhere in the factory."

"And," said Mrs. Worsleigh, "I think I'll ride around to-morrow and call on those people; perhaps I can do something for them."

Warden looked at his mother. He realized, perhaps, a little more strongly than ever before, what a gulf there was betwixt "those people" and the lady. Rolfe Burrows and his wife did not want charity, and something finer and better it was not in Mrs. Worsleigh's nature to give them.

"No, mother," he said, "you are very kind, but it isn't the place, and they are not the sort of people for you."

I think that, in a dim way, she understood what her son meant. If anything could reach her—do her good, that must.

The next day Rolfe Burrows received a call back to the factory; a better situation and a larger salary was offered him. He knew where it all came from.

It is only the fragment of a life that I have been able to give you here; but beyond its drama, my story may have something to say; otherwise, it is not worth much.

We hear on all sides the talk about business depression and the hard times which have come at last to a people so used to a long prosperity. We know where the pressure falls first and heaviest. Ah, my reader! remember there are many Rolfe Burrows in the world "Out of Work!"

The peace of God leads you to war with everything that is opposed to His holy will and way.

## VENICE.

Extract from "*Childe Claude*," an unpublished Poem.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

But beauty ever charms the youthful eye,  
And Venice to his view her splendors gave;  
He gazed, unsated, on her glorious sky,  
He heard the music of her curling wave,  
That laved, with gentle touch, each marble quay;  
That rippled "neath the gondolier's light oar,"  
On each high palace smiled the golden day,  
The moonbeams there more silvery radiance pour.  
And thus his struggling thoughts in words expressed  
The sweet emotions kindled in his breast;

"Have I but common words to speak thy grace,  
Fair Venice, stateliest city of the shore?  
The ancient Adriatic's wrinkled face  
Doth ever gaze enamoured on thee more.  
Wedded art thou, fair bride, to one so hoar;  
Rough lord he is, yet generous one to thee,  
For in thy beauteous lap he lays the store  
Of every precious thing from land and sea.  
So loving age oft brings to graceful youth  
A richer love, and more unquestioned truth.

"Child of the loved Italia! whose bright land,  
Glorious as Egypt, fair as templed Greece,  
Queen of the earth, like Cybele did she stand,  
Crowned with her turrets, Keys of War and Peace  
Were held alike by her unconquered hand.  
She blew the blast of war or bade it cease,  
By Europe's and by Asia's breezes fanned,  
Till her twin empires could no more increase.  
A realm more vast had ne'er recording Time,  
Nor one whose annals, more than hers sublime.

"A sky more blue than it whose starry eyes  
Kept watch with Dian o'er Endymion's sleep;  
Imperial Rome! I long to tread thy skies  
And climb thy Capitolum's summit steep;  
Through thy patrician palaces to roam,  
And walk the streets that Junius Brutus trod;  
To see where Gracchus' mother had her home;  
Where Senates trembled at thy Cæsar's nod—  
Oh, land of Roman greatness! did thine air  
Grow soft with age, or Italy more fair?"

## THE WORKER.

Murmur not, my fellow worker;  
To thy sentence meekly bow;  
'Twas not all in anger spoken,  
"By the sweating of thy brow  
Thou shalt earn thy daily morsel,  
'Mid the thistle and the thorn."  
Joy comes not unto the idle,  
Wretchedness from sloth is born;  
All the wise are busy workers,  
Work is the best cure for strife,  
And our dying is but working  
Upward to the perfect life.

# PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

## CHAPTER V.—THE REV. SILAS WEATHERGREEN.

Pauline had a new scholar on the following day—an event that created such a profound sensation, and disturbed so far the equanimity of her school, that she found it difficult to maintain order, and was under the necessity of black-marking nearly every pupil for inattention and imperfectly learned lessons. Kitty Bryan's clothes, and Kitty Bryan's ways were altogether so wonderful, that it took one good day for the youth of Hemlock Hollow to grow accustomed to them; and the smart little airs that each put on to attract the new-comer's notice, the open strife as to who should stand first in her favor, and the fear and jealousy withal, lest the teacher should "show partiality," kept Pauline's subjects in a state of excitement that would not admit of study.

The young teacher, who had seen grown-up men and women affected in much the same way by the arrival in their neighborhood of a person of wealth or distinction, could not find it in her heart to reprimand her youthful charges with very great severity, but watched their proceedings with amused interest, seeing human nature laid fairly open in these ingenuous representatives, unpracticed as yet in the art of concealment. One finds children—excepting, perhaps, cases of extreme precociousness or marked individuality—to be true exponents of the principles, prejudices and practices of their parents, and before the close of her second day's labor, Pauline felt pretty thoroughly acquainted with the characters and customs of her patrons. And sorely puzzled was she to know how to answer, when, in correcting some fault in the manners or morals of her pupils, she was met with the honest avowal—"Why, ma does so," or "pa says that," the decided tone and bold expression of countenance clearly indicating a belief in the perfect justness and propriety of the thing forbidden. Now it seemed almost an act of wickedness to shake a child's faith in the wisdom and correctness of ma's doings and pa's sayings; yet she could not repeat the merited reproof without openly condemning them. But there was her manifest duty, and she must perform it, let what would come of it. Shall not one speak the truth, though the Heavens fall?

Another thing that tended to discompose the minds of the juvenile Hemlockers, was a visit

from the Reverend Silas Weathergreen—one of those shepherds who go forth into the wilderness of lost and straying sheep, armed with stones and clubs, and with whoopings, halloos, violent gestures, and threatenings of wrath and damnation, seek to drive them into the fold, succeeding much more frequently, however, in driving them farther away.

The Rev. Silas, unmated as yet, but looking anxiously for his affinity among the several congregations to which he preached, was not, perhaps, the most favorable specimen of his kind, personally considered; but he bore about with him the unmistakable evidence of his faith and calling—from the crown of his sleekly brushed head to the soles of his feet, moving slowly in a solemn death march, a walking advertisement of his profession. The Rev. Silas might have not have considered it an absolute sin to run, if forced to such an extremity by danger threatening life or limb, but he would have thought it a highly improper, unministerial and unjustifiable act, except in a case involving instant decapitation or disablement. He might not have counted it an unpardonable offence in others to laugh outright in a hearty, genial, open way, but he regarded such an indulgence as exceedingly unbecoming in one of his profession, and when pleased, had a habit of drawing his smoothly shaven lips into what he evidently supposed to be a benign smile, but which, unfortunately was a very disagreeable smirk, producing a peculiarly unpleasant impression on the observer.

The children, greatly awed by the solemn air and visage of the gentleman, who had not been among them long enough to have become familiar, did not appear to the best advantage, especially the class at recitation, whose acquired ideas of boundaries, principal rivers and staple productions were quite unsettled and put to flight by the unexpected appearance of so dignified an auditor. And his manner did not tend much to reassure them, as he walked through their midst like an inspecting officer, putting here and there a question, or uttering some moral precept which elicited occasionally a frightened answer, but was met more frequently with stolid silence. Yet all the while

the Rev. Silas, parading under the batteries of thirty pairs of bright eyes, was being, quite un-

known to himself, silently weighed and measured by childhood's infallible rule; and was to him, and to all so weighed and measured, if found wanting.

The noonday intermission (happily for the little ones, not far off) was improved by the zealous divine in sounding the religious opinions of Pauline, a business to which he proceeded in quite a professional way, with some preliminary hemming, the Rev. Silas being troubled with a bronchial affection.

"I see you here in charge of the eternal interests of a company of immortal souls," said he, with a solemn elongation of countenance. "I hope you realize the responsibility of your position."

Pauline, humbly—"I hope I do."

Rev. Silas, in a sepulchral voice—"A great trust is here committed to you, young woman. Have you prepared yourself to keep it by the solemn consecration of all your powers to the Lord? Have you taken up the cross in His service, and renounced forever the vanities of this wicked, deceitful world?"

Now there are some natures that shrink instinctively from such questionings, with the feeling that they are rude and impertinent, and that no person on earth, whatever his name or calling, has any right to invade the sacred privacy of another's soul, seeking inquisitively to know of those things which lie wholly between it and its Creator. And Pauline, drawing slightly away, as if the Reverend Silas had struck her, said briefly—"My conduct must speak concerning this."

The Rev. Silas looked dissatisfied with the answer. "But I would hear your tongue speak also, Miss Dudley. 'With the mouth confession is made unto salvation,' says the Apostle. Do you feel your sins forgiven?"

"If I do, you will find the evidence in my life; if I do not, I owe no confession but to Him who has power to forgive and save," was the quiet reply.

The Rev. Silas shook his head gravely, and sighed deeply. "These are evasive answers, my dear young lady," he said. "Alas! I fear you are yet in the bonds of iniquity, and subject to the wrath of God."

Pauline, sitting with her eyes cast down, made no response; and her visitor, scanning her face for some trace of emotion, groaned heavily. Still no word or sign.

The Rev. Silas dropped his head upon his hands and groaned yet more deeply. Would not the obdurate heart melt in view of such anguish for its sin?

While they were sitting thus, silent but for those deep-drawn sighs, Johnny Stevens came up with Pauline's luncheon, and spreading the snowy napkin that covered it upon the desk, she laid it out temptingly, and turned to her reverend and interested friend with a very sweetly-worded invitation to partake with her.

The gentleman lifted his head, and nothing loath, drew near with some murmured words of thanks, and Pauline perceived with pleasure that his appetite appeared in no wise affected by his sorrow for her.

"It seems to me, my dear young friend," said he, helping himself to the largest biscuit and the most generous slice of cold ham, "it seems to me you have qualities that might make you a bright and shining light in Zion. Why will you be false to your own interests by neglecting to secure your salvation now, ere the day of grace is past, and your chance eternally lost?"

"Come, Mr. Weathergreen," she said, lifting those wonderful eyes of hers to the sleek, beardless face of her *vis à vis*, "let us talk together in a calm, reasonable, open, direct way. Forget that you are a preacher, and speak out your mind simply and clearly in your own language. These set phrases and forms of speech lose their force when too familiarly and frequently used. In some ears, they sound like cant. Plainly, now, what is it you would have me to do?"

"Get your sins pardoned, and your soul saved," said he, grimly.

"And how do you propose that I do it?"

"How? Why fling yourself upon the mercy of your offended Lord—pray, agonize, wrestle, as Jacob did, until you obtain the blessing."

"But while I am praying and agonizing, how can I discharge the duties which I owe my fellow-creatures, and how obey the commands of my Father in Heaven? While I am weeping, and bewailing, and repenting of my sins, how many blessed opportunities to atone for them by doing good may pass unimproved? While I am selfishly seeking to get my soul saved by such means as you propose, how many times might I hold back and save some other soul from the very evils for which I am praying and beseeching to be forgiven? Life is too short to spend in grieving for things done or undone. I hold, the only way to seek forgiveness for doing evil is to quit doing it, and do good. I have no faith in enivelling repentances, but only in working repentances. As for my sins, I wash my hands of them, and with the saving of my soul I have nought to do. All that is required of me (as I read my



duty) is to discharge faithfully every obligation belonging to my station in life. God will take care of the rest."

The Rev. Silas answered the speaker with another grave shake of his head. Then he rested his elbow on the desk, and laid his chin upon his palm, and looked at her long and sorrowfully, without a word. Then he shook his head again, and groaned. "Poor deluded child!" he said, in his most pathetic voice—pitiful, oh so pitiful! "Do you think your works will save you?"

"I don't think I know," Pauline answered simply. "But God has written down the Law, and every soul of us is bidden to obey it. This, for the present, is sufficient for us to know, and, in His strength, to do. We are not to trouble ourselves about the future."

What reply the Rev. Silas would have made is not known, for a little hand plucked at Pauline's sleeve just then, and a childish voice prayed, timidly—"Please, Miss Dudley, won't you come and play with us, as you did?"

"Certainly, I will," responded the young teacher, springing up with alacrity, and turning a beaming face on the little petitioner. "and perhaps the Rev. Mr. Weathergreen will join with us," she added, casting an inquiring glance at her visitor.

The child looked somewhat frightened by the proposition, and the gentleman, pushing the hair back from his narrow forehead, drew himself up, with an air of offended majesty. "Do I understand that you lay aside the dignity that belongs to your profession, to join in the vain, foolish sports of these children, before whom you ought to set an example of steadiness and sobriety?" he asked, in a tone of surprise, and with a look of grave rebuke.

"I confess myself guilty of such behavior," answered Pauline, nimbly looping up the skirt of her dress as she spoke. "I do not think the children the worse for it; and as for myself, I feel infinitely better to be a child one hour in twenty-four. Too much gravity isn't good for us, my friend."

"There may be no absolute harm in taking a quiet part in childish games," said the Rev. Silas, in the spirit of concession, "provided they be of a kind to afford you opportunities for inculcating some moral—sober, sensible plays—"

"Such as 'Poison,' 'Old Buzzard,' 'Bear,' 'Blind-man's Buff,' 'Hunt the Slipper,' and 'Kitty wants a Corner,'" subjoined Pauline, with a smile twitching her rosy lips and dancing in her eyes. "I let the children take the

lead in this play-hour, and I learn of them. It seems only fair after I have drilled them all day, that they should have the pleasure of drilling me in some of their wonderful exercises. Come, will you not be a pupil, too, for a few minutes? The little masters are waiting, I see."

"Miss Dudley, my surprise passes expression. To make such a proposition to me—a preacher of the Gospel!"

"Ah! please forgive me," Pauline said, lifting her hand involuntarily to her head, to ascertain if veneration yet held its place. "But, truly, I think it would do you good to quicken your steps a little, and set your blood in motion. I know when I feel inclined to take sombre views of things, when it seems as if this desperately wicked world were going to rack and ruin just as fast as its naughty deeds could carry it, there is no good book or sermon that will correct my vision and lighten my heart like a run against the fresh breeze—or some quick, sharp, violent action of the whole body—something that will set the breath laboring, the pulses leaping, the blood bounding through its channels with the rush, and swell, and tumult of a river waking from its winter sleep. Then I begin to have infinite hope of the world, everything wears a new face, and it is all like the spring-time of the year with me. Now, Mr. Weathergreen, if you would just throw your arms as you used to when a boy, draw a long breath, and try how far you can jump, as you see a couple of my tutors doing out there, I really believe you would feel yourself improved mentally and physically. There, I shall have to ask your forgiveness again for unintentionally offending you; but do believe that the suggestion was prompted by a good spirit, though it comes to you through an evil channel."

And Pauline, tripping out the door, was hailed with loud acclamations by the delighted children, who presently had her engaged in a merry game that elicited peals of laughter, in which she joined right heartily.

Now, the Rev. Silas Weathergreen felt that it was the old Adamic leaven working in his members that impelled his feet to the door where he could overlook the players, and keep in sight the glowing, sparkling face that possessed a wonderful attraction for him, in spite of the desperate naughtiness of its owner; but he tried to make himself think it was only his Christian desire to lose no opportunity to warn a poor deluded mortal of the weakness and wickedness of her ways which had drawn him

there. So he stood leaning against the door-post, answering with deep drawn sighs the occasional merry word that Pauline cast to him as some turn of the play brought her near, until forced to change his position by the young lady herself, who with sudden remembrance, when the tumult ran the highest, plucked forth her watch, and announcing the hour, moved towards the door, followed at once by her whole boisterous troop, laughing, panting, exclaiming, and playing mischievous pranks upon each other. But a lift of her finger and a gentle shake of her head as she reached her desk, subdued the uproar to a murmur that presently sank away into silence, as seats were gained and all things set in order.

Then the Rev. Silas offered up a prayer of remarkable length and loudness, and went upon his way, greatly to the relief of the little ones, whose knees the good man failed to consider were unaccustomed to such protracted duties as his own.

#### CHAPTER VI.—PAULINE AT BRYAN LODGE.

In those days, the ruinous old school-house of Hemlock Hollow began to wear quite a festive appearance, gladdening, instead of offending, the eyes of the beholder, as hitherto. Something had been accomplished in the way of hiding the ugly exterior by the planting of young vines, which summer rain and sun would crown with verdure, and in uprooting the rank, ill-smelling weeds that grew beside the door, and planting in their place the sweet old-fashioned flowers that grow and thrive wherever they can obtain a footing, asking small favors, save now and then a drink of water when the heavens drop no rain.

But the children, who, when once enlisted in an undertaking, never do things by halves, had not been satisfied with mere outside adornment, but, fired with a fever for decoration, had carried the war against unsightliness into the interior, and in intervals between school exercises, assisted and directed by Pauline, had hung the broken and defaced walls with evergreens, and festooned and garlanded the teacher's rough stand, and the rusty, unused stove, giving the pipe the appearance of a vine-wreathed column, at the base of which a broken pitcher, hidden in a mass of green, held the flowers of the season—at the date of which I write—flaky snowballs and pompous peonies, those fat old dowagers in gala dress. Glasses of more delicate blooms graced the desks, upon which a vigorous application of soap, sand and water had wrought a salutary and pleasing

effect, as well as upon floor and benches, their whiteness forming an agreeable contrast to the green draperies.

Altogether, this room, which had looked so uninviting, and where it seemed so easy and natural to be wicked, was now quite a bower of beauty and sweetness, in which hatred, sullenness, unkindness and disobedience appeared in the light of grievous sins. Bad passions, however, did occasionally break forth, as they will wherever human spirits dwell. Mischief or malignity would now and then impel a little hand to pull down or deface the work that under happier influences it had helped to accomplish; and the little maidens had sometimes to weep or burn with indignation over some injury done to their cherished flower-pots by a malicious or revengeful boy; but the look that the culprit saw in his mistress' eyes when the charge was brought against him, and the additional kindness which she showed, and caused to be shown toward him, quite broke down the sullen spirit with which he had prepared to meet the expected reprimand and punishment for his naughty deed, and the offence was seldom repeated.

Pauline, too, while the rage for decoration was at its height, had to submit to the spirit she had evoked, or rather did submit, because by pleasing her subjects she obtained a greater influence over them, and because the caressing fingers of her little tire women charmed away the weariness of body and soul in which she sometimes sank down when there came a pause in the day's labors. Blue violets had done duty until they faded and vanished from the meadows, then the half-open buds of May roses drooped in her hair, clustered upon her bosom, swung from her belt, and caught up the folds of her muslin dress, and she was Queen of the May every day of the month. Usually, against the remonstrances of her admiring servitors, she laid aside the flowery insignia of her rank with her sceptre of authority, and no one outside of her little court guessed of the splendor in which she reigned; but once she was surprised in state towards the close of the day's exercises, by the arrival of the Queen and Prince of another realm, who came, upon report of her goodness and loveliness, to invite her to spend a night and a morning at their court.

"Kitty has given us such glowing accounts of her teacher, that we cannot feel satisfied without personal acquaintance," said Mrs. Bryan, in her quiet, dignified way, when Pauline had dismissed her scholars, "and we

have called to ask the favor of your company at Bryan Lodge to-night."

"And if you find it agreeable, we shall be pleased if you will consider it your home during the remainder of your term," added George, with a low bow and a look of admiration that might as well have been cast at the wall for all the effect it produced.

Pauline uttered some words of thanks for the proffered hospitality, as she stood untwining the roses from her hair, and dropping them from her skirt; but the powers that be, she said, had decreed her existence that summer to be a migratory one, and she should be forced to submit.

"I would certainly defy powers so unreasonable," the young man replied, lifting his hand to stay her occupation. "Pray, let the roses remain, Miss Dudley; you are spoiling a very pretty effect."

"But something too fanciful for common occasions," she said, going on with the despoiling work.

"This adorning isn't for the eyes of you outside barbarians," Kitty said, thrusting the freshest of the cast-off roses into a glass of water. "We beautify her just for our own private gratification."

"A work of supererogation, truly, to attempt to beautify the beautiful," replied her brother, with an intenser look of admiration, which fell as far short of the mark as its predecessor. George could have bitten his tongue for speaking the words an instant after they passed his lips. Evidently enough, such coarse, open flattery, however pleasing it might be to Louise Davis and others of her class, would serve only to lower him in the estimation of this young lady, who laid claims to rationality and common sense, and whose favor manifestly could not be bought with comfits and the pretty sugar toys of speech, unless very cleverly disguised.

During their ride home, he took no part in the conversation beyond a brief response to some remark addressed to him, but devoted himself to the study of his new acquaintance; at the expiration of fifteen minutes, imagining, with the self-conceit of other professed readers of human nature, that he knew every phase of her character, and could predict with unerring certainty, what her course would be in every circumstance and condition of life.

One thing was pretty obvious, and the gentleman did not fail to note it, Miss Dudley did not feel in the slightest degree flattered by the patronage which he and his lady mother had extended to her—did not, in fact, view their at-

tention in the light of patronage at all, being quite too simple to comprehend the difference in their social positions.

Bryan Lodge, in summer, was hidden from the public road by the groups of ancient trees that studded the lawn in front of it, but it broke beautifully on the view as one ascended the curving carriage-path that led up to the eminence on which it stood, with wide-spread wings; its tall chimneys, its many roofs, its pleasant balconies, bay-windows, and vine-wreathed pillars glimmering one by one through the green screen of boughs, until the irregular but pleasing whole was revealed to the eye. Pauline leaned from the carriage with face aglow as they drew near the house, inwardly thanking God that so charming a spot was to be her Lodge for one night, no feeling of envy clouding for an instant her perfect enjoyment of the beauty and comfort of which a few hours lease made her quite as happy as would the title deed.

Miss Celestia, with her never-failing and beloved book of romance, sat rocking gently in the swing that hung from the limbs of two giant elms; Amy was lounging upon the grass, feeding roses and twining them about the neck of her pet fawn; Louise, in one of the porticoes, screened by a vine-covered trellis from the sun and wind, which she regarded as natural enemies, always lying in wait to dash an ugly freckle on her nose, was stitching diligently at some bit of "fancy work"—that vain idol at whose shrine the lives of many women are yearly offered up.

"See the dear girl," George said, as a bend in the path brought them in full view of Louise. "See the dear girl, denying herself the innocent delights of her sisters, while she weaves a snare to entrap the hearts of us male creatures."

"I think 'us male creatures' are great simpletons, if caught in any snares of her weaving," Kitty said, scornfully. "She knows absolutely nothing but to crochet, and embroider, and braid, and sew patches on whole cloth, and never studies anything but fashion plates and Ladies' Magazine stories. It would puzzle her to tell who the President is; and whether George Washington was a Cherokee chief or a famous sea-captain, she hasn't the remotest idea."

"Ah, well," answered her brother, in a soothing voice, "being a woman, she isn't required to know anything of such distracting matters. She finds all that she needs to learn in the literature expressly prepared for the ladies,

and which teaches firstly, chiefly, and finally, that if she is a nice, well-behaved young woman, and takes kindly to feminine employments, she shall meet the exceeding great reward that crowns the virtues and covers the losses of the heroines of all well conducted stories—she shall have a husband, and be the envy of all the less fortunate of her sex. Here we are, Miss Dudley, at Bryan Lodge.”

“And so beautiful, it appears to the eyes of a wayfarer like myself, that a night’s sojourn within must be a long-remembered pleasure,” Pauline said, lightly touching the hand of her host, as she sprang from the carriage.

Amy and Miss Celestia, who were really hungry for the sight of a new face, came forward with warm greetings for the stranger, and laughing and chatting as with an old acquaintance, led the way to the house, pausing a moment, as they were passing Louise, to introduce to her the new-comer. That young lady bowed very slightly and coldly and kept her seat, resolved to make this vulgar country school-mistress feel that she, for one, did not consider her in any sort an equal or a companion. For in Louise’s estimation, a woman who honestly earned her own support, occupied a vastly inferior position to one who, like herself, lived on the charitable donations of friends, regarding all personal exertions to obtain a livelihood as terribly degrading and disgraceful, and repugnant to the very thought of a “real lady.”

The hour of solitude granted to Pauline for repose and refreshment after her day’s labor, was a luxury none the less appreciated because unusual, and when summoned to join the family around the table, she came without that feeling of weariness which made her, some evenings, a very dull companion, in spite of her efforts to be agreeable and entertaining, as she was expected always to be, no matter what tax the duties of the day had laid on her powers, mental and physical.

Now Miss Celestia, who never felt thoroughly at home with a new acquaintance until assured of his or her admiration of certain fictitious personages, long studied and dear to her heart, had been, with secret impatience, waiting for an opportunity to catechize Pauline with respect to her knowledge and appreciation of the same, and being seated near her at supper, took advantage of the situation by pouring forth such a volley of questions that the young lady barely had time to catch her breath between replies.

George glanced at her with merry eyes.

“Miss Celestia is like a hound upon the scent,”

said he. She will pursue you through the entire field of romance, and give you no rest until you have confided to her your impressions of every hero and heroine therein.”

“I know so few, that my impressions, such as they are, can be very quickly given,” Pauline answered, with a smile.

“Do you mean that there really are so few heroes and heroines in romance, that it does not occupy much time to review them?” inquired Miss Celestia, with a shake of her head at young Bryan, that set her quaint little front curls in a quiver.

“Not exactly that, Miss West,” replied the girl; “but my reading has not been extensive enough to acquaint me with many.”

“If not extensive, I should judge it to have been of a superior sort,” said George, with a glance of profound respect and esteem, veiled quickly under drooping lids as Louise lifted her eyes to his face.

“There your judgment errs—the exceptional instance, undoubtedly, that proves it, as a rule, infallible,” was the reply. “I have always read such works as came in my way, and those chancing to be in a large proportion of a rather inferior character, I have not been able, by the most careful process of sifting and deduction, to separate from the dross enough grains of wisdom to fill one little volume.”

“But in this sifting process you have acquired something better than second-hand wisdom—a rare sense of discrimination, by which you readily discern the truth, however closely it be blended and confounded with error,” responded George Bryan, in that flexible voice of his, that seemed by the same words to impress different meanings, giving to this speech, in the ears of one listener, a delicate tinge of irony which the others might have declared it did not have.

“But I dare say, with all your sifting, Miss Dudley, you have let escape with the refuse some precious sands of gold, which another, with a standard not quite so high, would gather with rich advantage,” said Miss Celestia. “Some minds, you know, cannot receive good and truth in their pure forms, but without a large admixture of evil and error will utterly reject them, and with such, the choice gems of your washing would be esteemed of less worth than a compound of earth and base metals, with here and there a scattered grain of silver and gold.”

“Very true, Miss Celestia,” assented Douglas, who was in a particularly amiable frame of mind that evening. “You will find nearly the same idea quite cleverly expressed in



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"The Tragedy of Storm-Cliff." By the way, Miss Dudley, have you ever read that celebrated work of mine?"

Pauline had never had that pleasure.

"But you have heard it frequently spoken of, I presume—have seen flattering reviews of it, undoubtedly," he affirmed, rather than questioned.

"No," she said. "But that is not strange, Mr. Douglas, my acquaintance with literary characters and literary subjects being so extremely limited."

And the stream of conversation flowed on, bearing all with it, only Douglas remained stranded high and dry on the craggy fact that a young lady of unquestionable intelligence and wider information than she chose to display, had never read, had never even heard of his *Tragedy of Storm-Cliff*—a work deserving favor, if ever any work did. Later in the evening, after an absence of a few minutes, he returned with the book, of which he made quite a formal presentation to Pauline, sitting down by her side to point out the finest passages, and to relate what circumstances had suggested to his mind the plan of the work; also, what had been said in its praise; and furthermore, what ill-natured critics had found in it to unjustly condemn, this last being referred to in the expectation of drawing forth a refutation of the slander, and an offering of sympathy.

While Douglas had Miss Dudley so engaged, George strolled listlessly out upon the piazza, where Louise, with a lace mantle thrown coquettishly over her head, was walking up and down, evidently preferring solitude to the uncongenial company within. Drawing her arm in his, he walked with her awhile, talking tender sentiment in soft, subdued tones, that dropped mysteriously into silence as the clear, penetrating voice of Pauline broke now and then on their ears.

"What do you think of Kitty's prodigy?" he asked, finally, with an indifferent inclination of his head towards the window, through which the young guest could be clearly seen.

"I think her a coarse, ill-bred country girl, who presumes upon the attention you and the rest have shown her, to put on airs altogether unbecoming to her station," Louise said, in a tone of suppressed indignation. "It vexes me to see you all so indulgent and complaisant towards her. She needs to be put down—to be taught her place. Look at her now! Did you ever see such stateliness clad in coarse, cheap lawn? Could you imagine such graciousness clothed in anything but queen's robes? She

seems to have no idea of the contrast her dress presents to that of her entertainers. Where can her sensibilities be, not to feel it—not to blush for it? I should want the ground to open and swallow me; but she, with her brazen face, looks as unconscious and as much at ease as if she were dressed like a princess."

George glanced through the window at the unconscious subject of Louise's criticisms, and a light flashed into his eyes that she could not see. But he said, carelessly enough, his voice just touched with scorn—"She evidently expects the dazzling splendors of her mind and person to blind us to the meanness of her attire. I can't help thinking what a glorious wife for a poor man she will make one of these days. No matter if he have nothing better than a hovel to invite her to, she will reign in it with such queenly grace that he will be cheated into the belief that it is a palace. I can imagine her doing the honors in her humble home in a way to impress her guests with the feeling that they were newly created princes and princesses, on a visit to the abode of born royalty. Though she had only a broken chair and a wooden bench to offer them, she would do it with such gracious dignity that they would fancy themselves sitting on downy cushions under purple canopies of state; and her refreshments, though of the coarsest sort, laid on the cheapest pottery, or on pewter plate, would appear, from the manner of presentation, like the choicest viands, served on salvers of silver and gold."

The latter part of Bryan's speech seeming addressed to himself, Louise made no reply beyond a shrug of her shoulders and a contemptuous curl of her lips, and after a few turns in silence, she attempted to withdraw her hand from his arm; but with a sudden movement he caught and retained it, saying, as if in continuation of his previous remarks, and with a look at his companion intended to impress his tender meaning—"But with all her royal graciousness, she will lack that soft, clinging, fond, womanly confidence which appeals most directly to man's heart."

And the pressure on his arm grew at once so "fond" and "clinging," that he had to brace himself a little to sustain the increasing weight, and the hand in his remained a very willing and trustful prisoner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Envy and jealousy make the cushion of your chair a pincushion, with the points all turned upwards.

## LAY SERMONS.

### "SHE NEVER KNEW HOW I LOVED HER."

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

Intelligence reached one of the most devoted of sons of the death of his cherished mother. One of the well remembered remarks of her last days with us had been that this son had "never failed in any instance in filial respect and love," and it had been a delight to remember and recount the many instances of his thoughtful care and loving remembrance. Yet the letter written by him in acknowledgment of the communication giving him the particulars of her illness seemed to concentrate the grief of the strong man's soul in the oft repeated expression—"She never knew how I loved her!"

The language of his heart seemed to be—"Could I have had but one little hour in which to pour forth the treasure of my love and gratitude—could I have had but one more opportunity to acknowledge the matchless devotion of her love, the guardianship from evil which even in absence she exercised over me—could I have given her to feel how inexpressibly dear and holy every thought associated with her blessed memory must ever be, then I could better bear the crushing truth that I shall see her face on earth no more!"

"She never knew how I loved her!" Such a burden of regret and longing seemed condensed in the few words, that though years have passed, they linger with the writer like a spell. They seem to embody the heart-grief of vain regrets which await so many of us when coveted opportunities shall have passed forever.

In the home and social circle love too often lies dormant, waiting some sudden stroke of misfortune to call forth to heroic self-sacrifice, or death's stern advent to wake to unavailing regrets. Like the treasures of the earth, it is hidden, and the mine must too often be worked by adversity's rough implements before the true gold is brought to light. It is true the soul has rich veins of affection, deep, exhaustless, enduring as the soul itself, too sacred to be opened to the common gaze, too deep and vast to be crowded into every-day manifestation, but why deny at least a gilding to the rough facts of common existence? Why not beautify the daily surface life with the love which dwells so richly in the heart?

Nor to any of life's varied relations is this line of thought at all foreign. It is through love alone that our life-work can be properly and successfully accomplished. From the quiet home-maker, mother, sister, wife, encountering day by day the thousand petty annoyances so likely to ravel the

broad garment of cheerfulness, to the statesman encountering opposition and unpopularity in maintenance of measures securing "the greatest good to the greatest number," the law of love and its manifestation as such must rule supremely in order to bring life-work into harmony with God's great plan. And most true is it, that to be in harmony with God's plan is the true secret of success.

The soul's proper atmosphere is love. The more love is exercised, the more harmonious is the action of the soul's forces. Whatever, at the close of this earth-life, there may be to be regretted, be sure an act of love can never be recalled but with the purest satisfaction; and in the home circle a manifestation of affection is like a heart-illumination. In wider circles, too, we need to give witness of the light that dwelleth in us. Our town, our church, our social circle are dear to us; yet days pass and the measure for a public improvement is not set on foot; our pastor, or suffering friend with whom we are wont to worship, do not receive needful aid or encouragement of sympathy. Time passes wearily and the looked-for, perhaps longed-for letter is not despatched. The gift embodying a thought of love is not made. The invitation to come and sojourn in a friendly way, is not given.

We know that a dear one is bearing heavy burdens, yet we forbear to say words of cheer and appreciation. May we not have reason to say with grief of some of these dear ones—"They never knew how I loved them?"

In a private letter, perused some days since, occur the words, or at least the sentiment, if memory proves false to the exact phraseology, "Just praise, I think, is a help to us all; the withholding of it, I deem a wrong." Do you ever withhold the appreciative word, the approving smile?

Charles Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, concerning the dedication of his first volume, wrote—"I have another sort of dedication in my head for my few things, which I want to know if you approve of. I mean to inscribe them to my sister. It will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure; or do you think it will look whimsical at all? \* \* \* There is a monotony in the affections, which people living together (or as we do now, very frequently seeing each other) are apt to give into; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise." Familiar as the letter is, we could not forbear the quotation of so felicitous an expression of a truth we have all at some time probably felt. Would that the trickery of surprise were oftener called to aid. Gifts are graceful expressions of love, even

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though it be not the time of Kriss Kringle's annual tour. A trifling gift sometimes makes a whole day sunny. A new ribbon, with a little note, placed by a breakfast plate we have known to diffuse a happy influence through a school-girl's entire day, and a simple letter of remembrance with a few bright flowers enclosed, who does not know how they have brightened homely duties! We have met a lovely lady, a cheerful spirit, a home-mother, in whose family birthdays are red letter days indeed. On the occasion of each child's recurring birthday, a famous cake at least does honor, and in one of the beautifully iced pieces it is well understood a tiny gold dollar or a silver bit is sure to be concealed. What a deal of speculation there is as to how it happened that the child whose birthday is thus celebrated, and not another, should invariably get the bright little token in his or her particular piece. How wise the happy mother looks over her secret of magic, as she listens

to the discussions of the young curly heads. From this one little glimpse on particular days you can judge what a happy, loving family they are.

It is a source of pleasure often, to find that one's individual tastes or opinions are remembered. "I think you will like this dress, mother, for the material is good, and I remember that you have an admiration for gray!" or, "John told a good story the other day, I thought it would please you, father, and be a companion for yours on the same subject, so I just made a note of it," or, again, "There was an opinion in last night's lecture which tallies with what you were saying to Neal," or, yet again, "I noticed what the bride wore, for I thought you would want a description, sis!" Gild with the love-light of sympathy the every day home-intercourse. You will never regret, as you look back upon the years, that you sought to show even in trifles the love dwelling rich in your heart for the dear ones God has given you.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### MAKING UP.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Going by the house that morning, Sydney Powers looked up at the windows, and unconsciously dropped into a slower gait, for the boy did his walking as he did almost everything else, "at a sort of double quick."

There the house stood, looking natural as the face of an old friend that we like all the better for its homeliness—a large, comfortable white house, mounted with somewhat faded green blinds, and a wide veranda, and a green lawn in front, with a sprinkling of fruit trees and shrubberies.

Sydney Powers listened, too, as much from old habit as anything else. He almost expected to see Joe Ripley's round crooked head at the window, or in the door, and his loud, hearty shout—"Hallo, there, Syd! Can't you hold up a minute, until a fellow can get up with you?" for Joseph Ripley was habitually slower than Sydney, whether at books, work, or play; but he was not lacking in parts, for all that.

But this morning there was no shout nor rush of feet along the gravel walk. How strange, and silent, and almost solemn it seemed! Perhaps Joe was there peeping behind the blinds. At that thought Sydney straightened himself up, and trudged on.

There had been a quarrel between these two boys; who had been like brothers from their infancy; it had been a miserable affair, springing out of just nothing at all, as a great many grown people's quarrels do, and taken to themselves huge

proportions. If people would only hearken to those wise old words—"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

The trouble commenced in some paltry dispute about respective rights on the play-ground. Neither of the boys would give up his side, and the dispute grew into high words, and then both suddenly flamed into fierce and bitter rage.

Such dreadful names as they called each other—each striving after the coarsest and hardest words, until at last, by a logical process, they went from words to blows. Each had given the other a regular pommelling. There was more than one black and blue spot on Sydney's limbs, and his bones had a generally stiff feeling, and he was certain that he had dealt as heavy blows as he received; but he didn't suppose that Joe minded the stiff, bruised feeling any more than he did.

But to think they should never be friends any more! It was like some ugly dream, that Joe and he had quarrelled forever! Why what jolly times they had had, as far back as Sydney could remember. Somehow all his sports and pleasures were in some way bound up with Joe. Where had he ever had a "good time," or any real fun without that boy was in for a share of it! How many times had they gone nutting and fishing together; how they had coasted, and skated, and snowballed, through the winters! What frolics they'd had climbing the trees, and shaking down the heaps of ripe fruit in the golden autumns—what glorious hours they'd had in the woods in the long summer days, when they used to go out for berries, and to hunt

for last year's nests; what capital sails on the river; what scrapes tossing the fresh mown hay in the fields, and riding on the great piles to the barn; how many lessons they'd learned—how many nights they'd slept together—why, he knew Joe by heart, almost, just as he knew his old Robinson Crusoe, for instance, with its battered corners and dog-eared pages.

And all this was over. He never knew before what a gap it would make in his life to slip Joe out of it. And to think they would never have any of the dear old times together again—Joe Ripley and he! Hadn't they called each other liars—hadn't they vowed never to speak to each other again? It was all very foolish and wicked, Sydney was sure of that, now that he came to think over the whole thing; but then boys must keep their word, and he wasn't going to be the first to come round, and try to make up after that talk and fight—not he, his cheeks tingling and his short, round, reddish locks of hair seeming to bristle at the thought.

As for Joe, he'd answer for him! Joe was a good fellow, with a heart as soft as a girl's, if you got on the right side of it; but he was stubborn as a mule when his will was up, and Sydney was morally certain he'd make no concessions of any sort in this case. So it was settled that he and Joe's good days were over!

Why, what was that? A sudden stricture of pain across his heart, and something wet on his eyelashes! The way that boy dashed it off. He, Sydney Powers, almost twelve years old, just going to turn girl and cry, because that he and Joe Ripley had got mad and wouldn't speak to each other. How the boys would laugh, and about—"Cry baby!"

While he was red to the roots of his hair, thinking of this, the boy caught sight of a well-known figure, coming up the road—a boy's figure, with an easy, lounging sort of gait, a straw hat, and a blue jacket—he knew it all, as well as he knew any one thing in the world.

Joe Ripley must have caught sight of Sydney at that very moment, for he seemed suddenly to bristle all over. He straightened up—the half shambling gait was suddenly exchanged for a formality of step and movement which, it was apparent enough, was not at all natural, but just assumed for the occasion, and sat rather comically on the round figure, and light cropped head of the boy.

So the two went by silently, with averted faces and lips compressed—these boys who had been playfellows from their infancy, who had loved each other like brothers; and who, now that the strong passion of the moment had cleared away, saw all the folly and wickedness of which they had both been guilty. And yet neither had the courage and the true manliness to confess his share of the fault, and say to the other—"I've done wrong, and I'm sorry for it." But each thought it was

nobler and braver to keep up the semblance of anger after the feeling had passed, and each really believed in his foolish little soul that he should sacrifice his own rights and dignity by manfully confessing his fault, and that somehow he owed it to himself to still cherish a feeling and manner of bitterness and animosity. Foolish boys! And yet, dear children, I have known plenty of men and women no wiser nor better than they!

Joe Ripley had an inveterate habit of talking to himself, which had often afforded a great deal of sport to the boys; but Joe's oddities had a marvellous tenacity about them, which neither argument or ridicule could easily overcome.

One is so apt to see a quarrel in a different light after sleeping over it. Joe's rose up in his memory in its true proportions now, and he saw clearly enough how foolish and wicked it had all been. Joe shook his head solemnly thinking it all over. "You were a great fool yesterday, Joe Ripley!" he said, bringing the words out loud and emphatic enough.

Sydney Powers heard them. A laugh twinkled suddenly in the boy's eyes. He knew Joe's habit, and he knew, too, what was going on in his thoughts at that moment. I wonder if a good angel did not stand with his white wings and shining face betwixt the boys just then. Something, outside of himself, seemed to turn Sydney Powers straight around at that moment, and he shouted out—"I say, Joe, you weren't the only fool yesterday!"

Joseph Ripley turned around in his slow way, his mouth distended, his big, light blue eyes filled with a comical stare, as he gradually took the whole thing in. So the boys stood still a moment, surveying each other. Gradually a red glow came up among the freckles in Joe's face.

"Did you hear what I said, Syd?" drawing a little nearer.

"Yes; and you heard what I said, Joe; so I think it's about even!" and Sydney drew closer. The ice was broken now.

"Well, then," said Joe, not without a little internal struggle, but there was something warm and sound at the bottom of him, you see which got the mastery now—"a'pose we shake hands and make it all up?"

"I think it's the most sensible thing we can do," Joe," answered Sydney, heartily, and the two boys gripped each other's hands, until both ached. If they had been girls, I think they would have gone farther, and kissed each other; as it was, there were tears in the eyes of both.

Then they both sat down under a tree by the roadside, in the pleasant summer morning, and talked the whole thing over; and between their talk the robin's song went and came sweetly; and Sydney told his friend all the pain and darkness which had been in his heart, at the thought of their final separation; and Joe, on his part, had a story to tell of much the same sort.

When they rose up at last, Sydney hit his companion a sharp blow on the shoulder. "Joe, old fellow, I say, that trick of yours of talking to yourself out loud was a lucky thing this morning. We shouldn't have made up if it hadn't been for that."

"Yes," answered Joe, in his honest, solemn way, "I've tried to break myself of that a great many times, but some good has come out of it at last."

Joe was right.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY JENNIE GAIGE.

It is a beautiful belief, that, from our birth, an angel hovers over our path, always ready to guide and direct our steps, and to keep us from evil. Who would not love to obey the voice of such an angel, and love to see the beaming smile of approval from such a guide—especially when we know that that guide always works for our own good, and gives us no commands which will be the cause of injustice or injury, either to ourselves or others?

Reader—little boy or girl—that something in your heart which you call your conscience, which teaches you what is right and what is wrong, and gives you either pleasure or pain, according as you obey or disobey its voice, is truly your guardian angel; and the smile of that God who sees all you do, and knows even your most secret thought, is better and more precious than that of even the most beautiful angel the mind can conceive.

At the outset of life, that guardian speaks very plainly to the child, and when first disobeyed, the pain is sharp and quick; but by frequent disobedience, the voice of the monitor is less distinct, or our mental ears become dulled, and we

cease to listen to its voice altogether. The sharpness of the pain is gone; yet, though dulled and blunted, and we cease to recognise it as the sting of accusing conscience, the pain is none the less felt.

Still that angel is very patient and forgiving, and if we again turn and seek its guidance, the voice is soon plain and distinct—obedience gives pleasure, and the smile of God again sheds light and warmth through all the heart.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY MARY LATHAM CHASE.

Dear little Red Riding Hood! There she stands; She holds on her hood with her dimpled hands; Her basket she brings for her grandame full; To enter she has but the bobbin to pull.

O, little Red Riding Hood! why stand you there? Peeping out from beneath your tresses of hair?

Those tresses—how glossy this morning they lay, From your forehead so carefully all brushed away, When your kind mother bade you all day to be good,

And, kissing you, tried on your little red hood! But, alas! from the path to the forest you strayed, With the wolf, sly and wicked, you talked and you played.

Ah, little Red Riding Hood! well may you stand Half fearing to reach to the bobbin your hand; No kindly old grandame will welcome you in; The wolf's cruel jaws with her crimson blood stream.

O, pause on the threshold! Beware! oh, beware! He waits for poor little Red Riding Hood there!

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

## OUR GIRLS.

The growl from Uncle Grumbler, published some months since in these columns, and reflecting somewhat upon the good sense of the "gentler sex" in these days, elicits a response from one of the members of the "Home Circle," who is disposed to take up the gauntlet thrown down by our gruff old relative. We feel a disposition to allow a fair opportunity for both sides to present their views on the subject in question, and so we stand aside and let our fair correspondent speak for herself.—Ed.

DEAR UNCLE GRUMBLER:—I have read with patient attention your restrictions on the dress and ways of our "charming" sex, and will acknowledge that in many things they have been entirely just. But, my dear sir, isn't it consoling to your desolate bachelorhood that you don't have

your apartments "clattered up" with these nonsensical articles of woman's apparel? No waterfalls or crimping-pins, false curls, ribbons, laces, and the like, to disturb the daintiness of your toilet-table—no "hoop of monstrous size," or costly trailing skirts, "to molest or make you afraid." Ah! the delightful quietude and calm serenity with which you array your comfortable person in your newest pair of lemon-colored tights and short jacket, which you dignify by the name of coat. Then giving your huge mustache a final twist, you carefully place your tall, narrow-brimmed stove-pipe upon your stately head, and, with cane in hand, are ready to sally forth for your morning walk. Your mind is clear and bright; no "curtain lecture" has marred the harmony of your soul's deep thought. Ah! no. So with beautiful delicacy of perception, you see and realize what "painted

dolls; and butterfly-fies of fashion," those bright-eyed girls, and gay young ladies are which you meet. One of them, particularly, attracts your attention. What a huge waterfall, and such a dashing long plume to her hat! Be careful, my good sir, or those splendid dark eyes, which for a moment cast a glance towards you as she passes, will thaw even your crusty heart, and ere we are aware of it, Uncle Grumbler will be aspiring to the dignity of a Benedict. She is a noble young woman, I assure you, in spite of present fashions; the light of a father's eyes, and joy of a mother's heart, and would doff her "finery" in one moment to watch by a sick bed. Pray don't be quite so hard on us, with our delicious little bonnets, (?) and other "modern improvements." Why "we might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," and so might you, sir. If we do toss our heads, and take little nipping steps, and otherwise put on airs, still, most of us intend to settle down as demure and matronly as ever did those "blessed grandmothers" of ours. Just give the matter a fair and personal trial, and see if I am not right, my dear sir.

Yours, hopefully,

COUSIN JENNIE.

## HOLLYHOCKS.

BY MAY MORNE.

Who does not remember the hollyhocks which grew in the garden of the old homestead? Wild, and uncultivated, and untamable they were, year after year growing up in the same spot, requiring no care and attention, and receiving none. They were not very genteel looking plants; the stalks were stiff, ungraceful, and rough; the flowers had only a single row of petals, and a harsh green calyx outside, and presented little variety, always appearing in color either red or white. (I remember as a great rarity and source of admiration in my childhood's days, a yellow hollyhock which grew in a neighbor's yard, and recall it as a source of annoyance also, since the children living in that house for years claimed no little superiority over me on account of that same hollyhock.)

I do not remember that our hollyhocks were ever of any value in our eyes except for the catching of bumble-bees. How many of these great yellow-breasted honey-seekers I have imprisoned in the deep-bosomed blossoms, I'm sure I never could estimate. I have spent hours together at this amusement. Tempted by the rich golden centre of the flower, the greedy fellow would bury himself there, unconscious that merry eyes were watching him at his stolen meal, or that busy little fingers were drawing the petals softly together at his back, nor realizing that he was a prisoner until his meal was finished, the heart robbed of its sweets, and he was ready to retire from the delicious feast. Then when he found himself bound, even though it was by silken curtains, how angrily he buzzed, and hummed, and

forced himself against the walls that encompassed him. But it was no use. A pin securely held the petals together, and he was powerless. Sometimes we had a dozen imprisoned at a time, one in every flower; and the more we kept them at our pleasure—sometimes for an hour, sometimes for a night, giving them a happy release in the morning.

Grandma loved the hollyhocks, and I believe that is the reason they always grew in our garden. When some of the boys had grown older and more ambitious, and commenced to lay out the garden in serpentine walks and flower beds of fancy shapes, they wanted to cut down the few remaining plants, and turf the spot where they stood. But the old lady was nearly heart-broken about it, and pleaded so hard for the old-time flowers, remembrances of her childhood, that they yielded to her wishes, and altered their designs so as to make a little heart-shaped bed in the corner where the hollyhocks grew. Then to the old stock they added the new varieties from imported seed—rich, double hollyhocks, like the old riddle, "Round as a ball, and deep as a cup;" and these, in all colors and shades, grew and flourished finely by the side of the old single ones which grandma loved. When she died, those died, and only the new kinds remain; but our hollyhock-bed is now one of the handsomest features of the garden. We have taken much pains with their cultivation, and feel that we have been repaid. The following has been our plan for raising them, and as there are probably some members of the Home Circle who are interested in the cultivation of plants, the information may not prove wholly valueless:

In March or April the seed should be sown broadcast, either on a gentle hobbed or a warm, sheltered border, prepared for the purpose. As soon as the young seedlings will bear handling, they should be transplanted into a rich soil, in rows two feet apart, and the plants should stand one foot asunder in the rows, in order that they may not be spoiled by being too crowded. The following season they will bloom, when a selection should be made, and all the best varieties marked; such as are finely shaped and brightly colored, should be cut down, and planted where they are to remain and bloom; the others may be thrown away. Fine varieties are readily increased and perpetuated by division. Good strong plants with plenty of shoots may be taken up when they have done blooming, and divided either with a spade or a sharp knife, taking care that each part has a good supply of roots, and then they may be planted where they are to remain and bloom.

When they are propagated by cuttings, they should be made from the laterals or side shoots which push from the base of the main stems. When the cuttings are prepared, they should be planted round the edge of pots, filled with a compost of sandy loam, pressing the earth close to each cutting as you proceed. At first the pots should be placed in artificial heat, keeping the lights close



down, and allowing very little air until the cuttings have taken root.

Many persons object to the cultivation of hollyhocks, as they say they cannot be used in bouquets. We have made pyramids of the hollyhocks alone for evening companies, which were truly elegant, and for low, flat cuttings, arranged in baskets or on plates, they are very handsome indeed—though they are, it is true, rather clumsy to incorporate into an ordinary round bouquet. There are other plants in which I feel an especial interest, and as the season is now approaching when we must be attending to our gardens, perhaps a few hints from time to time from various members of the Home Circle might prove of mutual benefit.

#### A WORD ABOUT HOUSE-FURNISHING.

A very great fault with persons furnishing a house—particularly with people of ample means—is, that they leave too much of the decoration to the taste of the upholsterer or cabinet-maker. In fact, these tradespeople have come to be almost demigods in their respective lines of business. The fashionable house-furnisher scarcely allows you to exercise your own judgment in little matters of personal preference—for all the belongings of a room are furnished "en suite," and the set must not be broken, while he affects a very polite horror whenever a lady expresses a determination to furnish an apartment with diverse colors or patterns to suit her own taste. Speaking upon this subject, a recent paper says:—

"We see this fallacious notion embodied in every room of a modern house. It is *de rigueur* to fit them up each after its own particular fashion, and no considerations of beauty or convenience are allowed to interfere with these shop notions of propriety. The consequence is that our furniture generally reminds us less of its use than of trades connected with it. The great, solemn dining-room, with its heavy sarcophagus-like sideboards and funereal window-curtains, is eminently suggestive of the undertaker's calling. Up stairs, the ornate decoration, the veneered walnut tables, the floor-scent carpet and sofa-cover, recall to our memory the upholstering youth who so confidently expressed his opinion on their merits. And a story higher, somehow, in the midst of lace bed-curtains, muslin toilet-covers, pink calico, and cheval glasses, one may fancy one's self in a milliner's shop.

"Now all these rooms ought indeed to be furnished characteristically of their purpose, but by no means in various styles. The wardrobe must, of necessity, be different in shape from the cabinet, the bed from the sofa, the washstand from the sideboard; but the general principal of design in all these objects should be the same. The chair, which can be pointed out as a 'bedroom chair,' and the carpet which may be described particularly as a 'drawing-room carpet,' are sure (under

the present system of design, at all events) to be in bad taste.

"As a rule, our modern bedrooms are too *fussy* in their fitting up. People continually associate the words 'luxurious and comfortable' as if they were synonymous. To my mind they convey very different ideas. Glaring chintzes, elaborate wall papers, French polish, and light draperies on every side, may represent a certain order of luxury, but assuredly not comfort. A room intended for repose ought to contain nothing which can fatigue the eye by complexity. How many an unfortunate invalid has lain helpless on his bed, condemned to puzzle out the pattern of the hangings over his head, or stare at a wall which he feels instinctively obliged to map out into grass plots, gravel paths, and summer houses, like an involuntary landscape gardener? Time was when a huge 'four-poster' was considered indispensable to every sleeping apartment, and night-capped gentlemen drew around their drowsy heads ponderous curtains, which bade fair to stifle them before the morning. Let us fancy the gloom, the unwholesomeness, the absurdity of such a custom, viewed by our modern notions of health and comfort; and remember, whatever the upholsterers may tell us, that the fashion of our furniture, too, includes many follies at which posterity will smile."

The sequel to the article in the Home Circle of February, called "Beauties of the Country," is crowded out by the other matter of the present month. It will appear in our next number. [Ed.]

#### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

##### CHARADE.

Tho' in the whirlwind's front I ride,  
Nought share I in his stormy pride;  
But on the crest of the heaving wave,  
As the good ship sinks to her ocean grave,  
Borne on the wing of the wild sea-bird,  
In whisperings low my voice is heard.

Robed in white, on the maiden's brow,  
Marking each passionate lover's vow,  
Calm I sit—and her bridal wreath  
Lightly kiss with a passing breath;  
But when the trumpet sounds afar,  
Foremost I in the ranks of war.

Seek me not in the broad daylight,  
Seek me not in the gloomy night,  
But at the witching twilight hour,  
Lover! I visit thy lady's bower;  
Seek me there at each morrow's close—  
There, amid flowers, I seek repose.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN FEBRUARY No. 1. Constantinople. 2. Race—Aere—Care. 3. Hat—Red. 4. Nurse—Ruse—Use—Us. 5. Pearl—Earl—Ear.

# EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

## THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. B. REED.

[The following is pronounced by the *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.]

Within the sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet year inhaled the dreary air,  
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills  
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed further, and the stream sung  
low,

As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn ajar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;  
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—  
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;  
Silent, till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unsedged  
young;

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censor swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near—  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at  
morn;

To warn the reaper of the rosy lust  
All now was useless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail  
And croaked the crow through all the dreary  
gloom;

Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the yale,  
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

(200)

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;  
The spiders moved their thin shroud, night by  
night;  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by—passing noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,  
Firing the floor with his inverted touch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien  
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,  
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
Of his thick mantle, trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,  
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;  
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—  
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew  
And struck for liberty the dying blow;  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true  
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous  
tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was  
bowed;

Life dropped the distaff through her hands  
serene,  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,  
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

## THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

The Nautilus and the Ammonite  
Were launched in friendly strife,  
Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,  
On the wide, wild sea of life;

For each could swim on the ocean brim  
And, when wearied, its sails could far,  
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep  
In its palace all of pearl.

And there was a bliss more fair than this  
That we feel in our colder time,  
For they were rife in a tropic life,  
In a brighter and better clime.

They swam 'mid isles whose summer smiles  
No wintry winds annoy,  
Whose groves are palm, whose air is balm,  
Where life is only joy!

They sailed all day, through creek and bay,  
And traversed the ocean deep,  
And at night they sank in a coral bank,  
In its fairy bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast, of ages past,  
They beheld in their ocean caves;  
And they saw them ride in their power and pride,  
And sink in their deep sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,  
They sailed on in mirth and glee,  
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,  
Twin creatures of the sea.

And they came at last to a sea long passed,  
But, as they reached its shore,  
The Almighty's breath, spoke out in death,  
And the Ammonite lived no more.

And the Nautilus now, in its shelly prow,  
As over the deep it strays,  
Still seems to seek, in bay or creek,  
Its companion of former days.

And thus do we, in life's stormy sea,  
As we roam from shore to shore,  
With tempest tost, seek the loved, the lost,  
But find them on earth no more.

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,  
As we look to a distant strand,  
Where heart finds heart, and no more they part,  
Who meet in that better land!

### CANTICUM SOLIS.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

I bless Thee, Father, that where'er I go  
A brotherhood of blessed creatures goes  
With me, and biddeth me God speed. For all  
Thy mute and innocent creatures take my thanks,  
To me they are child-brethren without speech  
Or sin.

And first for him, the noblest of them all,  
He who brings day and summer, disenchant's  
The ice-bound streams, and wakes the happy birds,  
Pure choristers, to matins; at whose call  
The young flowers, startled from their hiding-places,  
Peep and laugh; who clothes the earth, and fills  
The heavens with joy; and he is beautiful  
And radiant with great splendor. Praise to Thee,  
O Highest! for our royal brother Sun;  
For bears he not an impress, Lord, of Thee?  
And praise for her our holy white-veiled sister,  
Dwelling on high in heavenly purity;  
And for the radiant hosts that bear her company,  
For they are bright and beautiful.  
Praise for the moon and stars.

Praise for our brother Wind, for though his voice  
Is rough at times, and in his savage mood  
He rends the earth, rousing the sea to fury,  
Yet at Thy calm rebuke he layeth by  
His lion nature, frisketh like a lamb  
Beside the streams, and gently crisps the snow  
The sapphire waves, and stirs the corn, and wakes  
The languid flowers to life, and lays dead blossoms  
Softly in their graves; for the strong winds,  
The rough but kindly winds, we bless Thee, Lord.

And for our sister, Water, mountain child  
Whose happy feet make music on the hills,  
For her who bounds so light from rock to rock,  
Yet brings a blessing wheresoe'er she comes.  
She spurns all fetters, laughs at all restraint,  
Yet scorns no lowliest ministry of love,  
Abiding peacefully in roadside wells,  
And sparkling welcomes in the peasant's cup.  
Nature's sweet almoner! all praise for her!  
For she is useful, precious, meek, and chaste.  
We bless Thee, Lord, for her.

And for our brother, Fire!—fearful is he  
When he goes forth exulting in his strength,  
And all things quail and fly before his face!  
Yet he will sit a patient minister  
Of blessings on our hearth, and through the night  
He cheers us. He is joyous, bold, robust,  
And strong. Praise, Lord, for him!

And for our mother Earth, who feedeth us  
With such unwearied love, and strews our paths  
With rainbow-tinted flowers and healing herbs,  
Our gentle, generous, most beautiful,  
And ever youthful mother.

Thus, blessed Christ, all praise to Thee for these  
Thy creatures. They are all Thy ministers,  
And to Thy reconciled speak nought but peace.  
Children and servants are we in one household,  
Dwelling before Thee in sweet harmony.

O, bless us all! Father! we all bless Thee!

### NATURE NO SELF-ACTING INSTRUMENT.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

So soberly and softly

The seasons tread their round,

So surely seeds of autumn

In spring-time clothe the ground,

Amid their measured music

What watchful ear can hear,

God's voice amidst the Garden?

Yet hush! for He is here!

No mere machine is Nature,

Wound up and left to play,

No wind-harp swept at random

By airs that idly stray:

A Spirit sways the music,

A Hand is on the chords,

O, bow thy head and listen,—

That hand it is the Lord's!

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

It is yet too early to decide what will be the prevailing modes for spring. We make from foreign papers a few extracts as to some of the latest novelties in the "beau monde."

The short dresses are gaining more acceptance than ever, but chiefly in black, and the short tunic is exchanged for a longer skirnoors. Jet beads are sometimes used on these. All trimmings go down the seams, ending a quarter of a yard above them in medallion, or fan-shaped piece. Silk dresses are garnished with bands of silk edged with satin in two inch broad strips down the seams, may have a double piping of satin and silk. Flowers made of satin with a centre jet button, are greatly used, three placed at the end of a straight seam trimming. The same ornament is carried out on mantles, which are striped lengthways, with broad silk bands, or more simply garnished, with very narrow ones. The present fashions glory in extremes. Either the trimming is very simple, or extremely rich and profuse. In the latter case it consists of a perfect mass of jet beads, finely cut, and mingled with delicate braid work. Jet ornaments are still the height of the fashion. Silver is now very little worn.

Petticoats are very much trimmed and ornamented. The Polish boot is very general, but not cut quite so high. A new kind of muff is introduced in black and white Astratran. It is small in size, and fringed round the opening with a deep fall of the very longest, haired Astratran, that hangs, like the well-known monkey fur, deeply and gracefully over the hands. The centre fur is short and glossy. The newest boa folds across the neck, with the head of the animal at one side and the tail at the other.

Bonnets are being worn with deeper ears. A new-shaped bonnet is very small, especially in the front, but still a bonnet in shape, which recent head coverings have not been. This has a very wide, round, flat crown behind, with an inch of stiff curtain, and a small, close cottage front. It does not measure more than five inches from back to front. Jet beads are studded on the bonnets, and single sprays of flowers placed outside. A French gray or *polonaie* (almost a steel shade) are the fashionable colors, and blue is very much worn in the way of bonnet strings and flowers. Some very pretty floral jewellery has been imported from Paris.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

St. Elmo. By Miss Augusta J. Evans. New York: Carleton & Co.

The literary career of this lady commenced some time before the late war, with the publication of a novel called "Beulah," which was in many particulars a work of remarkable character, and which was for a time very popular and extensively read, both in this and foreign countries. Being a Southerner, she was not much heard of during the last five years, though she published another novel during that time, only a few copies of which ever found their way to the North; and as these breathed the fiercest secession sentiment were not, of course, very favorably received in this section. The work moreover (entitled "Marcaria"), was a literary curiosity in its way; pedantic to an extreme which would have made King James fairly beside himself with envy. The present work, though in a less degree, exhibits the same peculiarity. The heroine—an orphan—through the mischance of a railroad accident, becoming the protégé of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Murray—is placed under the tuition of an old clergyman, and early develops a most remarkable intellect. Ethnology and ontology, and all the other "eologies" become

to her, at fifteen years, as familiar as geography and history to the ordinary school-girl mind. We are told that she is invited by her teacher to the great "philosophic palestra," "to the great Pythian games of Speculation, where the lordly intellects of the nineteenth century gather to test their ratiocinative skill, and bear off the crown of bay on the point of a syllogism, or the wings of an audacious hypothesis." She studies Hebrew, Greek, and all other languages; dips into the mysteries of Arabic and Egyptian symbols; "to-day, peering into the golden gardens of the sun at Cuzco; to-morrow, clambering over Thibet glaciers to find the mystic Lake of Yamuna. Now delighted to recognize in Teoyamiqui (the wife of the Aztec god of war) the unmistakable features of the Scandinavian Valkyrias, and now surprised to find the Greek fates sitting under the Norse tree Ygdrasil deciding the destinies of mortals, and calling themselves *Nornas*," etc., etc., until, at eighteen, she writes books of wonderful power, and becomes a famous authoress. One would think such a remarkable genius—whose thought and research are so confined to the mysteries of other times and other worlds, from whose conversations alone one



could almost compile a classical dictionary—would hardly condescend to the follies of ordinary life—certainly not to the absurdity of falling in love with an every-day mortal of the present century. Nor, in fact, can we say that she does, for St. Elmo Murray, the hero of the tale, from whom the book takes its name, and who is the son of the young lady's benefactress, is truly a very extraordinary specimen of the genus vir. A dark, mysterious man, with a dark, mysterious life and history; a sort of intensified Rochester, who professes no faith in man or deity—a miserable creature—wretched himself, and, as far as in him lies, making every one about him wretched also. Such is the hero, who, from some unexplained cause, through that delightful, subtle mystery which men call love—the origin of which it is useless and unwise to seek to inquire into, becomes the adorable object of her heart's affections. The course of true love runs very roughly indeed. He avows his devotion to her, and she rejects him; refusing, very wisely, to unite herself to one of his disposition and character. She goes to New York as governess; her literary fame increases. Every eligible man introduced into the story, including an English lord, makes her the offer of his hand and heart. Still she is unmoved. In the course of time her hero repents and becomes a minister of the Gospel. Then follows reconciliation, and the usual "peace and happiness ever after." Such is a brief outline of this peculiar work. It has many merits, and is exceedingly readable in many parts. Aside from its pedantry, and its constantly recurring classical allusions, which are beyond the ken of the ordinary reader, it will be found entertaining, though it contains a brief allusion to secession, which betrays the writer's Southern origin, and will not be wholly palatable to a Northern audience. Still, we doubt not the work will achieve a fair degree of success.

**GEN SERIES. THE SAPPHIRE.** Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: John L. Thorey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

This book contains a number of poems, essays, and stories, gleaned mostly, as we are informed upon the title page, from fugitive literature of the nineteenth century. We find here many excellent selections from the current literature of the day, extracted from French, and English, and American periodicals—and combined with a few standard pieces which have been heretofore published in book form. We are glad to see the successful inception of such an enterprise, this compiling in substantial book form of these excellent selections which if not thus collected would have only an ephemeral magazine existence, and which are really too valuable to be thus thrown aside after a careless perusal. We hope the publishers will meet with such substantial reward that they will be induced to extend the series indefinitely among the chance publications and fugitive magazine articles of our day.

**BREATHINGS OF A BETTER LIFE.** Edited by Lucy Larcom. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A book for quiet and thoughtful hours; just such a book as every man and woman whose desires go beyond this life, needs at times for strength and comfort. In her preface, the editor says:—"The purpose of this little book is to blend a few brief utterances of the elder saints with words spoken by some of the most earnest and reverent thinkers of our own day, to echo, from the high ground of faith and aspiration, voices that cannot fail to inspire the traveller struggling upward to a better life.

"The arrangement by which the leading thought of each selection is linked with some Scriptural passage, and portion of poem and hymn, has been made with reference to its social use.

"As a volume of extracts, it may win a welcome from those who cannot own many books, for bringing them into acquaintance with authors who, in ages and regions widely separated, have spoken clearly of the unselfish life which Jesus came to teach and to inspire; of walking with God, and entering, by that Divine intimacy, into closer sympathy with human nature; of obedience to Right, and loving self-sacrifice, as the only principle of true living on earth, and of Heaven as the outgrowth of those principles, the fulfilment of the noblest aims and yearnings of the soul."

**DUTIES AND DIFFICULTIES.** By the author of "Joseph the Jew." Philadelphia: James S. Claxton.

Some of the best juvenile books in the country have been issued by this house. Their publications are always meritorious, and their stories for youth usually such as we can place in the hands of our children with the utmost confidence. The authoress of the present volume is already favorably known through her previous efforts to instruct and please the young, and the new volume from her pen will be readily welcomed.

**THE BROWNINGES.**

**THE BREWER'S FAMILY.** New York: M. W. Dodd.

These are excellent books for the young people, and will be found very valuable additions to all Sunday-school libraries. The Brownings especially is a very clever little story of Southern life during the rebellion, and abounds in incidents which will be found interesting to older as well as young people. We commend these books to all who are seeking profitable reading for their children.

**ALL IN THE DARK.** By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have previously recommended Le Fanu's works to those only who have a taste for the horrible and tragic in literature. Such as crave this sort of intellectual excitement will usually find their fill in the works of this author. The present is, however, of a more peaceful character than former works, and we think will be found more acceptable to the large class of readers.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

It was an experiment, and, like most untried things, the first steps had been taken in the midst of doubt, hesitation and perplexity. More than all this, and adding no small share to the uncertainties which beset its execution, our whole plan was an unusual, an unconventional one.

Dr. Ben, Grace and I, were to form the nucleus of a family down there at Rockledge. If we succeeded, time would afford aggregations from our respective households; but now nobody would condescend to commit themselves by a promise to that effect. Indeed, everybody turned cold shoulders, and threw cold water upon our project from its conception.

I am not certain, however, but a milder course of treatment would have nipped it in the bud, or at least have caused it to evaporate in fine sentiment and glowing fancies. But treatment of a sterner sort braced the faint life in our plan into active development. There came a time long afterward, when the thing had justified itself that everybody denied from the beginning any opposition to our project.

This might have been true if all opposition, to be such, must be of the salient sort; but every one knows what a power there is in indifference, or a fine edge of satire, or a delicately barbed point of contempt.

This certainly was the kindest fostering our suggestion met from the evening Grace and I half playfully opened it in a double family conclave, and Dr. Ben backed us up with his strong, practical sense and unflinching resources for all sorts of emergencies. Indeed, the thing could never have been carried out, but for him. He it was who hunted up the house at Rockledge—a low, rambling, russet-brown sort of hybrid, between a cottage and a farm-house, and purchased it for a song of a retired sea-captain, who aspired to something grander in his old age.

Somewhere on the Massachusetts coast, a little cove runs into the shore between low, gray ledges of rock, which muster in uneven ranks along the coast for some distance. The old town, antedating the Revolution by half a century, follows in a rambling, uncertain way the curves of the coast. There are rising slopes of pasture and woodland, that in the background swell up into great hills.

Our house was on one of these slopes, half a mile from the cove, and the low chamber windows looked off on the sunny slopes of grass, on the gray peaks of bare rocks, on the long, crumpled line of yellow sand, and on the tides rolling in upon them in green and livid waves, a chapter of nature eternally new, a picture whose varied forms

and colors always feasted the eyes and filled our heart.

In early June we came down here from the city, Dr. Ben, Grace and I. Bestowing the furniture, getting the domestic machinery in working order, were no easy problems to people not much used to these sort of things; still, it was wholesome work for brain and body.

The hardest chapter of all was that new lesson in domestic economy; for, though we made joint stock of our finances, we had stipulated with the powers that supplied those, that the summer at Rockledge should not exceed the expenses of a season at the Mountains and the Springs. This brought us down to a solitary servant, who combined the functions of cook and chambermaid.

Dr. Ben did more than his part in the domestic supplies, as he would be pretty certain to do in anything in which he had a hand; but for all that, there had to be a good many grave consultations over kitchen and larder for the first weeks. Grace even went so far at one time as to suggest that we should follow the example of Queen Isabella, and sell our jewels to pay for our summer, as the royal Spanish lady did hers for a continent. But matters did not reach that dire extremity, and we proved here, as almost every transition of life and circumstance do, the truth of that old distich of Herman's—

"The first's  
The worst."

As for the sort of people we were, that remains to be seen from our talk—talk that will show our interior selves to you, and where our life lay, as no fine mental dissection could; for it was free, unrestrained, almost involuntary—the currents flowed out spontaneously from deep fountain-heads of our souls—talk warm and throbbing with the life-pulse of our thoughts, feelings, convictions. Talk it was, too, that always ended the day, setting apart that evening hour to which all the others brought tribute, an hour that always closed with "Good-night," the words seeming a sort of Benedicite on all we had said, for the talk always brought out our finest and highest moods. And in looking back on that summer at Rockledge, those evenings when we gathered ourselves in the low, long library about the large table, or scattered among the light lounging chairs, stand out from all the others, and I see how the life-blood of those hours has mingled with the life of our souls.

In course of time, as you will find, our audience gradually enlarged itself; but for awhile it was confined to our three selves.

Grace and I were nearly of an age, and both far enough up in our twenties to be trusted a little outside the prescribed orbit of young ladyhood,

with an inherent tendency to rebel against the traditions and mere conventionalisms of society. The tie that held us was something closer than that of consanguinity, unlike as we were in character and temperament. She was an orphan, and had been adopted by a widowed and childless uncle of hers, as I had also by an aunt.

Dr. Ben was a cousin of both of us, and was at least half a dozen years our senior. He had had a tough struggle with the world, his father leaving him while yet only a boy, with a widowed mother on his hands to support. There was sound stuff in the boy, and he fought that grim battle of his youth bravely, and came out victor.

His one fault, and that was perhaps natural to his years and nature, had been his pride. Sorely galled it had been each time his necessities compelled him to receive any aid from his relatives, and he had made shift to carry himself through college and through his profession. Those who did not know him well, never could understand how he acquired his reputation with so few years of practice; but he did not make the most of that for his ardent, adventurous nature drove him abroad and into almost every latitude of the world.

Perhaps he did better work, however, for God and man than he would had he stayed at home; for wherever he went, other souls felt the invigorating force of a strong, generous, masterful nature. He worked himself almost to skin and bone in the hospitals among the fevers and cholera of Southern Europe, and at last laid down to die with the latter contagion. But his rugged constitution just carried him through, and he came home tired with long years of roving life, and resolved on settling down among his own people at last.

But before he resumed his profession, there was his own sorely strained health to build up, and Rockledge afforded just the locality and opportunity for this.

Dr. Ben was more like a brother than anything else to Grace and me; and, as I said, he was just the sort of coadjutor we needed in a plan that everybody else, metaphorically, if not absolutely, shook their heads over. Our life, at the commencement at least, had a little gypsy tang about it, with its strange, careless out-door raids and rambles.

How we gathered up the thrums and threads, and into what patterns of thought, feeling, fancy, we wove them, our *Talk at Rockledge* is yet to tell you.

V. F. T.

#### "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

The cordial welcome our new magazine continues to receive is very gratifying. Already the circulation is nearly half as large as that of the Home Magazine, and the steady influx of subscribers from all parts of the country, warrants the belief that in a few months it will equal if not

exceed it. The greatest care is taken to keep its pages free from coarseness, slang, and irreverence, and to inspire its young readers with a love for things gentle, pure, manly, generous and good.

A gentleman writes us:—

"The first number of 'The Children's Hour' has, within a few days, come into my hands, and having read it through with very great pleasure, I wish now, as one of the great army of readers who for a full score of years gathered entertainment and instruction from your pen, to thank you for this fresh addition to our juvenile literature. In my little home-flock it has already secured a warm place, and I hope it has found, as it deserves, a like welcome from the children everywhere. The paper, wood-cuts and typography are unexceptionable, as is also the tone of the articles. While entertaining in the highest degree, there is an all-pervading influence to purity of thought and action."

A lady, who has taken a warm interest in extending the circulation of the little magazine, says, in a letter enclosing some new names:—

"It is truly a charming book, and the children are delighted with such a visitor. One lady writes me: 'I have my hands full reading the stories to the children; they are never weary of hearing them.' Another writes: 'After I had read the stories, every word and line, two and three times over, Alma (a little girl about three and a half years old) came to me with the book in her hand, and said—'Mamma, show me how to read for myself, and then I won't bore you any more.' I sincerely hope the *Children's Hour* will meet the success it so richly deserves, and shall do all in my power to increase its number of subscribers."

We could fill pages with unsolicited testimony like this.

**BOOK PREMIUMS.**—See next page for a list of books given as premiums for subscribers to "Children's Hour." Also, for special terms to Sunday and mission schools, clergymen, and those who wish to send copies to children whose parents are not able to subscribe.

For \$4.50 we send Home Magazine and Lady's Book, each one year. For \$3.50 we send Lady's Book and Children's Hour, each one year. For \$3 we will send Home Magazine and Children's Hour, each one year.

Any subscriber to Home Magazine can have the Children's Hour for \$1.

Club subscribers need not be all at the same post-office. Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rate.

In getting subscribers with a view to the sewing machine premium, the names may be sent in, with the amount of subscription, as fast as obtained. When the full number is made up, the machine can be ordered.

**NEWS BOYS' LODGING HOUSE.**—Don't fail to read the story of the New York News Boys' Lodging House, to be found in this number of the Home Magazine. It presents a romance in real life more interesting and touching to those who have hearts to feel for others than any fiction.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The Sunny Maple, by L. A. B.; The Small Woman, by May Leonard; Lost in the Woods (illustrated), by Irene L—; The Moth and the Candle (illustrated); Eddy's Dream, by T. S. Arthur; Afraid in the Dark; Twilight (illustrated), by Kate Sutherland; Willie's Journey to Heaven, by Jennie Gaige; Breakwater, by Virginia F. Townsend; The Horse's Petition; The Elder Duck (illustrated); Little Pearl, by Mrs. M. O. Johnson; Little Mattie, by May Leonard; They will Blacken, if They do not Burn; Autumn Days (illustrated).

Alice and the Pigeon (illustrated); Anecdote of Jenny Lind; One Times One, by T. S. Arthur; Our Helpers, by Irene L—; Jamie, by Mrs. M. O. Johnson; The Chicken's Mistake, by Phoebe Cary; Shut Your Ears; The Sorrows of Poor Bess (illustrated), by the author of "The Sunny Maple"; Amiable at Home; A Little Gentleman, by Kate Sutherland; What to do when Angry; Pretty Is that Pretty Does, by Alice Cary; The Bower Bird (illustrated); Breakwater, by Virginia F. Townsend; The Nut-Crackers (illustrated), by Woodnut; Into the Sunshine, by T. S. Arthur; Cradle Vespers, by Rev. H. Hastings Weld; I'll Know about It; More Blessed to Give; Golden Deeds; Reading the Bible (illustrated).

The Motherless Boy (illustrated); A House on Fire, by T. S. Arthur; An Esquimaux Lad Catching His Dinner (illustrated); The Wonder Bread, by Mary Leahy; The Cloud Households (measures by Little); by Mary Howitt; Breakwater, by Virginia F. Toomey; Who Took Him on the Other Side? (little by Little); Shadow (illustrated), by Alice Cary; A Word to Little Girls: Stories About Dogs (illustrated); More About the Nut-Crackers, by Woodnut; The Child's Mats, by Rev. H. Hastings Weld; Song for the Little Ones (illustrated), by the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family"; The Young Robins

One year in advance,	.....	\$1.25
Five copies " "	.....	5.00
Ten copies " "	.....	10.00

and an extra copy to the person sending the club, . . .

For \$3 we will send one copy of the Home Magazine and one copy of The Children's Hour. For \$3.50 we will send Lady's Book and Children's Hour. 15 cents a number. For sale by News Dealers.

**T. S. ARTHUR & SON.**

**CANVASSERS WANTED.**—Canvassers, male and female, wanted in all parts of the United States to get subscribers to "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR." Very liberal terms are offered.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—\$3 being the club price for "Home Magazine" and "Children's Hour," any subscriber to the Children's Hour who may wish to have the Home Magazine, can obtain it by remitting us \$1.75 in addition to the amount paid for Children's Hour.

**Special Terms to Day, Sunday and Mission Schools, Children's Lyceums, &c.—20**  
copies, Children's Hour, one year, \$17; 30 copies, \$25; 50 copies, \$40; 100 copies, \$75.

**Terms to Clergymen.**—Children's Hour, \$1; Home Magazine, \$1.50. ~~50~~ The same terms to any persons who may wish to send one or both of these Magazines to poor children, or families; to Homes for the Friendless, or to any benevolent institution.

To any subscriber to THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, who will send us one additional subscriber and \$1.25, we will mail a copy of "The Fireside Angel," a story for children, by T. S. Arthur.

For 2 subscribers to CHILDREN'S HOUR, at \$1.25 each, we will send one of the following books, the price of which is 75 cents:—The Angel of the Household, by T. S. Arthur. True Riches, by T. S. Arthur.

For 3 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send one of these \$1 books:—The Child's Book of Nature; Amy Dean, and Other Stories, by Virginia F. Townsend; or either of the following, by author of Schönberg-Cotta Family:—1. The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. 2. Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. 3. Winifred Bertram. 4. The Dravtons and the Davenants.

For 4 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send any one of these \$1.25 books:—One Year, A Child's Book in Prose and Verse, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" or either of the following, by "Oliver Optic:" 1. Rich and Humble. 2. Haste and Waste. 3. In

43- Subscribers need not all be sent at one time, nor from one place. They may be forwarded to us singly, and the premiums claimed at any time on the full number sent.

School and Out. 4. Watch and Wait. 5. Work and Win. 6. Hope and Have.

For 5 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send any one of these \$1.50 books:—Bonnie Scotland, by Grace Greenwood. Red Letter Days, by Gail Hamilton. Wonderful Tales from Denmark, by Hans Andersen. Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Stories of Many Lands, by Grace Greenwood. Light on Shadowed Paths, by T. S. Arthur.

For 6 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send "Home Heroes," a beautiful vol., by T. S. Arthur, price \$2

For 8 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send Longfellow's *Evangeline*, illustrated by Darley, price \$3; or, "*Home Stories*," by T. S. Arthur, in 3 vols., price \$3 for the set.

For 10 subscribers at \$1.25 each, we will send "The American Boy's Book of Sports and Games: A Repository of In-and-Out-Door Amusements for Boys and Youth." Illustrated with over 600 engravings. Price \$3.50; or, Maud Muller, by Whittier, illustrated by Hennessey. Same price.



# FASHIONS.

Illustrated for the Home Magazine.



SPRING FASHION.

Dress of steel-colored silk, open at every breadth, disclosing an under-skirt of rich blue silk. Each breadth is richly embroidered in blue silk, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. The corsage is embroidered to suit the skirt, and finished with a wide blue belt, fastened with a steel buckle. The hat is of gray straw, trimmed with a long and full blue feather.

VOL. XIX.—15

A very effective costume in purple, trimmed with narrow black velvet. The dress is worn over a black silk skirt finished with a quilling of ribbon. The body is richly embroidered with a wide blue belt, fastened with a steel buckle. The hat is of gray straw, trimmed with a long and full blue feather.

## FASHIONS.

*Furnished by Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.*



No. 1.—THE CRYSTAL.

No. 1.—A variation of the sailor hat, in crystallised chip, trimmed with blue velvet, white plume, and ornaments of silver or crystal.



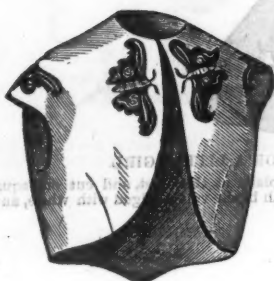
No. 2.—THE UNDINE.

No. 2.—A pretty hat in white Italian straw, ornamented with green velvet, green feather, and drop crystal.



SHORT WALKING DRESS.

A very effective design in purple poplin, trimmed with narrow jet gimp, which simulates side sashes and ornaments à la Grecque upon the skirt. The dress is worn over a black silk skirt, finished with a plaiting à la Marie Antoinette. The body is round, finished with a trimmed belt, and ornamented with gimp and buttons in the pointed berthe style. The sleeves are shaped and trimmed to match.



No. 1.—SENORITA JACKET.



No. 2.—THE GRETCHEN SLEEVE.

No. 1.—Breakfast jacket of scarlet cashmere, ornamented upon the breast, and epaulets with butterflies with spread wings cut out in velvet and embroidered with gold and red and blue silk. There is a slight spring at the back of the waist, which deepens into a point, ornamented with butterfly to match.

No. 2.—This is a good sleeve in serge, linsey, or mohair, trimmed with flat black braid and buttons. The cap, which fastens in the centre, widens out from the sleeve, but does not extend to the inside seam.



No. 1.—WALKING SUIT FOR LITTLE GIRL.



No. 2.—THE PARIS DRESS.

No. 1.—A very handsome suit composed of skirt and jacket, and made in green poplin, for a girl of eight to ten years. It is trimmed with a band of white silk, crossed at intervals with narrow straps of purple velvet alternating with velvet leaves cut out, and forming beautiful ornaments in applique. The short loose sac is trimmed to match.

No. 2.—This beautiful little dress is modelled from one sent to the Paris Exhibition. It consists of a tunic of green silk, with bodice attached, made over a little dress of striped green and white silk, the white stripes studded with little black satin dots. The tunic is edged with two rows of narrow black lace, and is cut up on the sides, forming three points, which are finished with rosettes of narrow green satin ribbon, dotted with metallic dots. High white body, and small "angel" sleeves over short puffed sleeves.

(209)

(112)



GORED "NEAPOLITAN" DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Little Empire dress for a girl of four years, gored without plaits at the waist, and cut out square in the neck. It is very pretty made in crimson merino, trimmed with black velvet edged with white, and black or steel buttons.



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

This elegant toilet is draped over Bradley's new Empress "Invisible" Trail, the proper hoop-skirt for a narrow gored dress. The robe is of white corded silk, with peplum ornamented with black lace, black velvet cash ends, and opal buttons set in silver. The body is cut very low in front, and trimmed with black lace ruching. Small square lace chemisette. The figures in the background show the new short skirts, the new style of peplum, the shortness of the waists, and the height to which the hair has attained at the back of the head.





NEW SPRING HATS.

No. 1.—**THE VIKING.**—A straw sailor hat, trimmed with black velvet, black pompon, and feather algrette. An ornamental anchor in front.

No. 2.—**THE ALCOOD.**—Made in straw chip, trimmed with blue velvet, white feather, straw chains, and other ornaments.



The Celeste is a pretty and novel style in English straw. The feature is a small cape, which ascends from the front of the brim and the back of the crown, forming a tiara in front and a comb over the chignon. The ornaments consist of a half wreath of violets and a straw bird, embroidered in silk and beads. Violet strings.



No. 1.—**GORED SILK SLIP.**

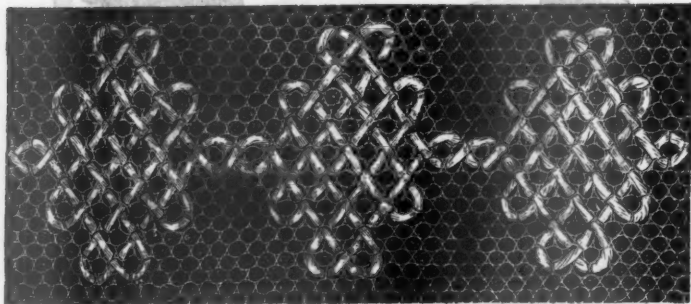
No. 1.—This may be made in blue silk for a child of three to six years, and trimmed with white silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, the straps fastened down with pearl bead buttons. The bodice is cut square, the belt crossed, with ends at the side.

No. 2.—Little square-cut coat for a boy of three years, made in fine cloth or linsey, and trimmed with braid and buttons. Skirt of tucked linen, with plain linen collar.

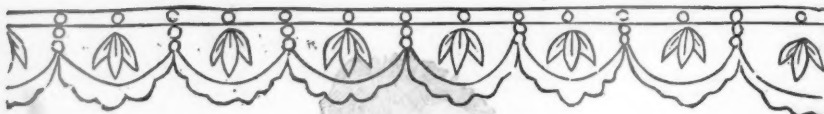


No. 2.—**BOY'S TYROLEAN COAT.**

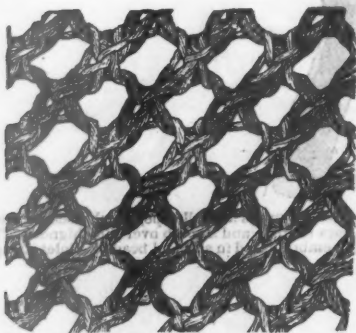
## FANCY AND USEFUL NEEDLE-WORK.



DESIGN FOR WORKING ON NET, WITH THICK SOFT COTTON OR FLOSS SILK.



EMBROIDERY.



OPEN KNITTING, FOR OPERA HOODS, Etc., Etc.

This knitting is worked in two colors, white and blue, or red, or purple. The colored wool is used double, the white wool single. This stitch is mostly employed for opera hoods; the under part is in that case made of plain white knitting, and this fancy knitting is placed over it. The front of the hood is generally trimmed with swan's-down, or with a thick, short, woollen fringe. The back is edged with a deep fringe. The pattern is worked in the following way:—

1st row.—Plain knitting. 2d.—Slip 1,\* wool forward, knit 2 together, repeat always from \*. In succeeding rows, the wool thrown forward is knitted as a stitch. These two rows are repeated alternately, and the wool is changed every two rows, so as to form a white and colored stripe.

### TWO NEW STITCHES IN BERLIN WORK.

These stitches form pretty patterns for slippers, bags, footstools, cushions, etc.

FIG. 1.—This pattern is worked over common canvas—not Penelope—with black wool and crimson silk. The illustration shows part of it completed and part unfinished. The large crosses are worked slantways, each stitch over three threads of the canvas; the spaces between are filled up with double crosses in

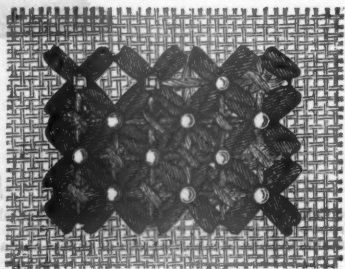


FIG. 1.

red silk. A round white bead is placed in the centre of each black cross.

FIG. 2 consists of a plait pattern and squares in cross stitch. The plait is formed of slanting stitches over six threads placed alternately two over and two under.

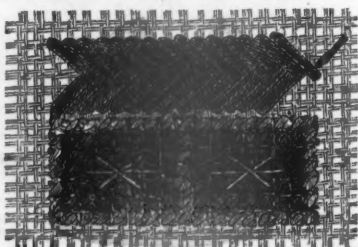
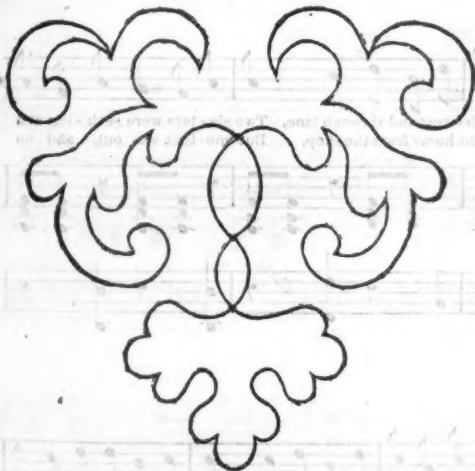


FIG. 2.

The holes in which each of the next two stitches are to be begun are marked by a cross and a dot. This plait is worked in crimson wool. The squares in cross stitch are worked in black wool, with a border in yellow silk. A cross is worked in point russe, with the same silk, over each square alternate row.

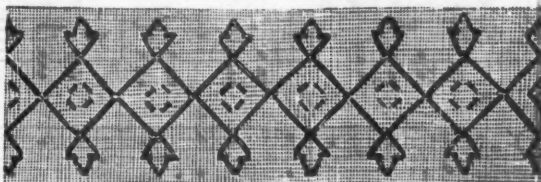


**EMBROIDERY PATTERN—FOR A POCKET-BOOK, CARD, OR CIGAR-CASE COVER, OR FOR THE ENDS OF A LADY'S CRAVAT.**—Figures of animals are very much the fashion: they are embroidered in satin stitch, with silks of different shades and colors, or if this is considered too much trouble, they may be cut out of pieces of colored silk and worked in *appliqué*, the inner outlines being marked in button-hole stitch with purple silk. The shrubs are worked in *point russe*—i. e., a succession of small raised dots and *point russe*.



#### BRAIDING PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.

**BORDER, POINT Russe.**—This design is to be worked either in white or colored flosses on strips of silk, which strips are afterwards used for trimming Garibaldis, aprons, or children's frocks. The manner of working *Point Russe* has frequently been described in our columns. Small seed heads, either chalk-white or jet, are added at the points of the diamonds in the design before us. These additions can be made with a back-stitch when the work is in process.



# "COME HOME, MOTHER."

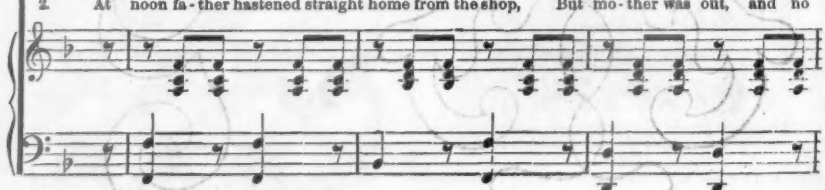
## SONG AND CHORUS.

Written and Composed by David A. Warden.


VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Through high-way and by-way, through street and through lane, Two sis - ters were seek - ing and  
2. At noon fa - ther hastened straight home from the shop, But mo - ther was out, and no



weep-ing in vain; Their mother was missing, from home she had gone, And like lov-ing children, they  
din - ner was got; Then off to the tavern he wend-ed his way, And there he's now idling the



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1896, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]



felt all for-join, O, tell us, kind stranger! O tell, have you seen Our  
rest of the day. The ba-by's been fretting, and crying for ma, And

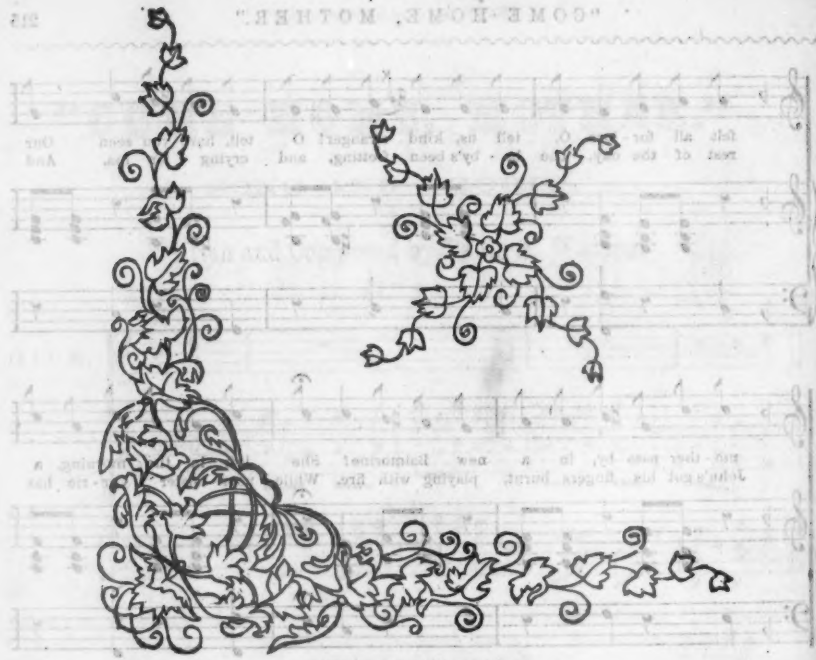
mo-ther pass by, in a new Balmorine? She left in the morning, a  
John's got his fingers burnt, playing with fire, While poor sister Car-rie has

shopping to go, But where she has wandered, in-deed we don't know.  
hurt her sore thumb—O, dear! there is trouble when mother's from home.

Mother, dear mother! O where have you gone? The house is so lone-ly, O, mother come home!

3.  
The neighbors all talk about mother, and say  
She's too fond of running out during the day;  
That father is sober, and always at work,  
But gets very careless when mother goes out.

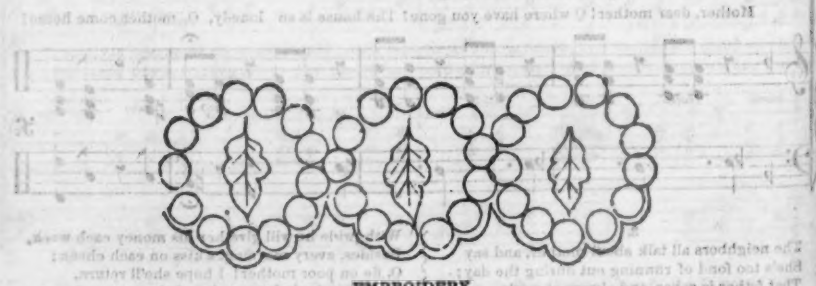
With pride he will give her his money each week,  
Besides, every morning, a kiss on each cheek;  
O, fie on poor mother! I hope she'll return,  
And learn to do better when father comes home.  
Chorus.—Mother, dear mother, do.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.